



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

One often hears it remarked that there is too much hard sense nowadays to permit of a war in which thousands of human lives and millions of money would be wasted. It is further pointed out that almost every nation during the past twenty five years has had a final lesson that completed its education, such as the American civil war, the Franco-Prussian, the Turko-Russian and others. But it seems that generations are like individuals and must experience for themselves what is wise and what foolish. Those who appreciated in full the agony of the American civil war may talk all they please, but to the young men of the country the deeds of valor are remembered while the statistics of slaughter are forgotten. And as old men die and their sons attain middle age, the object lesson on the horrors of war which was enacted in blood and broken bones all across this continent loses its impressiveness. Man is a fighting animal. You can't educate or christianize it out of him. The best that can result from evangelizing the world will be that opposing armies will hold rival prayer meetings between battles and close their Waterloos by singing rival doxologies. If nations get so religious that they won't fight over the trivial differences that arise in earthly matters, they soon go to war and punch the everlasting breath out of each other to demonstrate that there is or is not a purgatory. No objection can be raised to the conclusiveness of the method. Everyone who gets a bayonet through him may be said to have conviction thrust home to him. He will find himself right or wrong, without hearkening to further argument. Mahomet, recognizing the fighting spirit in man, made the sword a flaming missionary of his creed; in the middle ages the wars of the Crusades were necessary to keep the religious fires from dying out in Europe. I do not think man will amount to much as an animal if the day ever comes when his fighting spirit is quenched. When the bright wine of healthy blood is displaced in human veins by dropsical water that no happening can excite into bubbling activity, it will surely be time for the experiment of creation to come to a period.

Those who think that in these enlightened times no more wars can occur have but to contemplate the attitude of France towards Siam, a first-class power demanding all sorts of concessions from a weak power, and requiring that its demands be met inside two days or the aforesaid first-class power will proceed to smash the aforesaid weak power into little chips. And what was the *casus belli*? A pesky Frenchman striding about Siam and no doubt displaying the same arrogance as marks his home government when dealing with weak powers, quarrels with a mandarin and of course gets killed. When a fight progresses beyond the domain of insolence and air guns a Frenchman usually gets the worst of it. France has never been famous for demanding satisfaction for the molestation of her sons in foreign parts, and it is only when a pee-wee like Siam offends in this respect that the French eagle creaks forth her rage at the insult. But it looks in this case as though France had simply been waiting for a pretext to jump on Siam, and the death of one of her officers supplied that pretext. In the East all the attempts of France to acquire a footing have proved comparatively abortive, while her great natural enemy across the channel has strengthened and widened her influence. At home her politics reek with scandals and the streets of Paris are the scene of riots and excesses strangely reminiscent of black days that are gone. The Government is insecure and the half dozen political parties conspire each other's ruin by one means or another. Is it not, then, a fine stroke of statesmanship to quell riot, outwit conspiracy, and make every rogue, ruffian and good citizen unite in patriotic bluster against a remote and defenceless kingdom? Siam, although chiefly known to Canadians as the place whence came those famous twins, is important to the commerce of England, and it is supposed that if Salisbury were in power he would already have spoken an effective word. Gladstone by his excessive desire for peace has more than once made peace impossible, for England's influence on the affairs of the world lies in her money bags and her gunboats rather than in her Peace Societies and moral reasoners. There is no moral reasoner like a gunboat, and a fleet of them surpasses any Peace Society that Gladstone has ever been president of. If France succeeds in carrying this Siamese atrocity to a successful issue—and, to be sure, it is an atrocity for any power other than Great Britain to gobble up Eastern kingdoms—it will quite discredit the Liberal foreign policy, which Lord Rosebery was supposed to safeguard.

If war ever ceases it will be the inventor, not the peacemaker, who will bring it to an end. Krupp is more potent than any Quaker. If the time comes when France and England can fight across the channel with dynamite and fire, one blowing London up and the other laying Paris in ruins, then war will cease and people will have to fight in odd corners as best they can. But they will fight. If machinery becomes so perfect that international war must cease, then the fighting spirit of mankind must exercise itself in individual and faction fights in out-of-the-way places where the future's tremendous artillery cannot be brought into action. It is not killing nor getting killed that man loves, but the winning of victories—physical victories. No branch of the

race that has not had this thirst strong in them ever amounted to much, physically or mentally, and never will. The ambition to surpass and overtop is the essence of manhood, the characteristic that makes the clay companionable to the eternal soul.

One of the most affecting accidents of this tragic summer was the death of that child at the Niagara Falls elevator. A happy family holidaying were seeing the sights around the great cataract, and on entering the elevator to descend to the rocky depths beneath one of

and a stern judge create a flat that will reanimate the disfigured clay in yonder casket and give the little cot at home its precious occupant? How many dollars poured into the mother's lap will prove equivalent to the rosy boy whom she lately dandled on her knee, and how pretty must be the purse that will soothe her for the loss of his laughing face? Without forgetting that life must be safeguarded by provision and penalty, yet it seems to me that finely strung parents could never bring themselves to accept a cash recompense for such a loss. I am only using this Niagara case as an

example. Others are occurring all around us. A father will recover damages for the debauchery of his daughter, a girl will sue for the cash value of her despoiled virtue or ask the courts to assess the injury done her affections by a renegade lover. It will be a callous and unwholesome state of society if this sort of thing works out to its logical conclusion, every virtue having its price and every crime its penalty. Human life and female chastity should not be by any method reducible to currency, and I say again that it is hard to imagine a person possessing any fineness of feeling accepting cash in lieu of such a loss. A wronged woman may possess intact her contour of soul, but if she recovers damages she must feel that she bartered her honor for a price and shared in an unholy

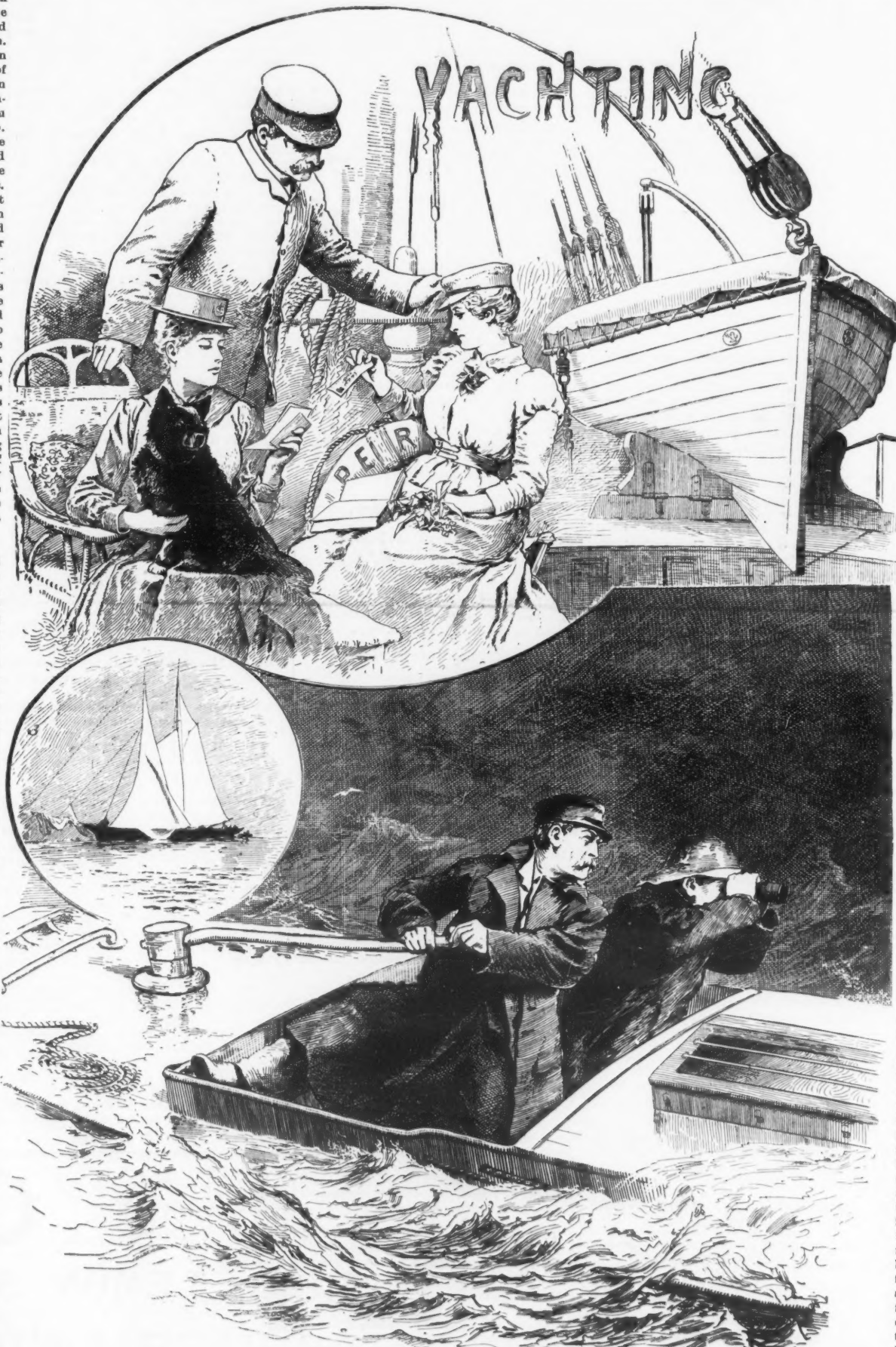
traffic. Better that she should leave her case to the equity of heaven and jealously preserve the ruins of her self-respect. It is to be feared that in time there will be engendered a class of men who, at the worst, will regard seduction as a bad financial speculation and a class of women who will regard it as a good one. This is a startling statement on a delicate subject, but the facts give it color. Too many of God's creations are finding a cash valuation.

Judged from a worldly standpoint the lot of a Methodist clergyman is by no means pleas-

Methodism was the religion of the poor, and its zealous preachers displayed a hardihood and devotion scarcely surpassed by the Jesuit missionaries who carried the cross two centuries ago through the wilds of America, then a stationing committee was a good thing. Those of us who fifteen years ago lived in the sparsely settled parts of Ontario can remember with what buoyant energy the Methodist preacher served his circuit, often driving or walking from ten to forty miles every Sabbath and contenting himself with whatever portion of his salary he happened to receive, for he seldom got it all, however trifling the total might be. The city preachers at that time had none of the hardships encountered in the backwoods, but they had others equally trying in the shape of financial burdens, meetings to conduct at every turn, and assistance to render here, there and everywhere. But conditions have changed. A luxurious superstructure has been raised on the broad foundation so laboriously laid by these men. Methodism is no longer essentially the religion of the poor. Among its people are many of the richest in the land and some of its congregations are the wealthiest in Canada. Conference has reduced the handicap on rich men by accepting the revised version of Scripture which substitutes "camel" for "camel" in a certain text at one time constantly preached upon. Of course a camel does not hump its hump as does a camel, and the odds against a rich man are greatly reduced.

There is no longer a uniformity of hardship to endure on all the circuits. Some are had enough yet, but many are inviting and easy. The stationing committee has some very fine plums to give out right along. The cleverest men in the church are very seriously thinking about the question, and in the end no doubt a wise arrangement will be made. But at present no church in the country handles its clergy in such a rough-and-tumble way, and no system that could be devised would offer such opportunities as now exist for wire-pulling, crookedness and hard feelings. The attempt to merge the "allocation" and "call" systems must result, like all straddle-the-fence arrangements, either in earning contempt or provoking strife. That scandal so seldom arises in connection with the work of the stationing committee is something enormously to the credit of the Methodist clergy. The system seems specially designed to try the efficacy of grace by tempting the clergyman to become a politician, and the fact that scandals do not occur is probably due to the fine forbearance of those whose efforts are defeated rather than to the fact that grounds for scandal do not exist.

For the past three years a well known preacher has been stationed in the West End, drawing a salary of two thousand dollars per year and a free parsonage. It may safely be said that he was liked and his ministrations would have been acceptable for a much longer period had that been allowable. At the recent conference he was removed and sent a short distance out of the city to a circuit, where his congregation is small and the stipend only seven hundred dollars per year. It will be said by some that this is right enough, as it gives that poor and isolated congregation the services of an able man to which it has as just a claim as the rich and powerful city congregation. Very good, but what about the preacher? It looks as though there were too much of the wheel of fortune business about the stationing of ministers. If that preacher had had any foreknowledge of the reduction of salary and curtailment of opportunity that was intended him, does anyone suppose that he would have neglected any fair and honorable means of averting the set-back? A man in such a case would regard it as a calamity; he would value the large salary, if on no other ground, as a means of doing good, and he would prefer the wider field because of the large usefulness it permitted. If in addition to this he had debts to pay, a family for whose future he was solicitous, and felt that influence had been used to relegate him to a barren vineyard, who shall say that he would not fret and fume at his misfortune? It is beyond the most saintly of us to accept such happenings resignedly, and the preacher will have his own rebellious thoughts dinning into him by his wife and family. It is unfair to reduce a man from two thousand a year to seven hundred. When a man acquires the easy knack of spending the larger sum, the smaller one will never suffice for his wants, be he preacher or what not. It is an unsound system, resulting in debts, deficits, family bickerings and loss of grace. A man can't properly preach peace on earth with tinkers and tailors dunning him for ever and in vain for bills overdue. One thing is sure, he can't afford much ghostly comfort to the aforesaid tinkers and tailors. They won't enthuse at all under his ministrations. Speaking from experience I can say that a man does not extract much good from a sermon when the preacher owes him money. When a preacher offers religion to a churchful of his creditors no one will come up to the penitent form. Exhortation will be in vain. To the grocer it will seem that the evangelist is talking about tea and sugar; the hardware man will think he is discussing stoves; the tailor, clothes; the undertaker, coffins. More potent than eloquence, more important than college training, is the solvency of the clergy. And a preacher must be a mighty good financier and he must have a steady-headed wife if the domestic balance is to be preserved while the family income fluctuates between seven hundred and two thousand dollars. The system is commercially bad, to say nothing of the sly practices it is sure to engender among saintly men. MACK.



YACHTING FAIR AND FOUL.

By L. Speed.

the children by some means fell down the shaft, unseen, unheard. Eighty feet below on the smooth rock the little prattler's unrecognizable remains were found, still holding in his crushed and broken hand the remains of a toy pistol. The parents were not permitted to view the body, which was placed in a casket and sent home for burial. Sad ending to a holiday outing. The papers say that the father will probably institute an action for damages against the elevator company. It has come to be regarded as quite the proper thing to recover damages in such a case as this, but I cannot understand how parents can bring themselves to do it. Can any verdict of the courts restore that crushed and broken baby hand to the sweet shape it had when playing with the toy pistol? Can a unanimous jury

example. Others are occurring all around us. A father will recover damages for the debauchery of his daughter, a girl will sue for the cash value of her despoiled virtue or ask the courts to assess the injury done her affections by a renegade lover. It will be a callous and unwholesome state of society if this sort of thing works out to its logical conclusion, every virtue having its price and every crime its penalty. Human life and female chastity should not be by any method reducible to currency, and I say again that it is hard to imagine a person possessing any fineness of feeling accepting cash in lieu of such a loss. A wronged woman may possess intact her contour of soul, but if she recovers damages she must feel that she bartered her honor for a price and shared in an unholy

ant. It has much more of unpleasantness about it than has that of any other style of clergyman. If a congregation desires a certain man and the man desires that particular congregation, that does not settle the matter as in the Presbyterian and Congregational churches. The stationing committee has to maintain its dignity and illustrate its usefulness by passing upon the case, and not seldom the wishes of the preacher and the people are violated for reasons that seem inadequate to the disappointed ones. When the stationing committee was an arbitrary body and countenanced no "call" save when the still, small voice summoned a brother to leave a good salary and a free parsonage and depart for heathen lands, then there was sense to recommend and argument to defend the itinerancy of the clergy. When

The Cruise of the Scow Jane.

Man is only an exaggerated boy, both in size and thinking. One of the chief differences between the boy and the man is that the experience of the former permits him to speak without thinking, and the necessities of the latter force him to do a great deal of thinking without speaking. When the man reverts to his boyish position and is surrounded with such circumstances as permit a natural exhibition of himself, you find the man who speaks without thinking is so natural that he almost unfailingly impresses himself as a humorist. One would be violating the laws of hospitality in describing the funnier things, and it is a rule amongst all men who recognize how strangely they comport themselves when secluded from public opinion that stories must not be told out of school, quotations made out of the social latitude and longitude of the events or any retrospection indulged in which might be misunderstood. I think I never before tried to write anything where all the best things were so evidently located on forbidden ground.

You may have noticed in the picture of the Scow Jane the lone but pretty figure of a dog on the bank. This dog was the property of the Phonograph, and a better conducted or more sociable canine was never the guest of a fishing party. He told no stale stories, did not boastful, could not be accused of uncharity, did not borrow fishing tackle and break it, and was indeed a model excursionist.

A camping party had evidently preceded us at Minor's Bay. The geological formation of the rocks did not provide us with any other theory for the presence of broken glass which to our inexperienced eyes very much resembled fragments of beer bottles. The dog in his gambols managed to get a piece of glass in his foot and eventually became very lame. What is more pathetic than a lame dog? Certainly a lame man excites much less commiseration. If I could look as pathetic as that dog did, I am very sure I could borrow money enough to pay my taxes. He used to come to my bed some nights and when I was forced to insist on his departure he carried his lame foot out of the berth with so much dignity and looked at me with such reproach that I felt like lending him the berth, begging the loan of a pillow and lying on the floor. As I have already remarked, we had three doctors with us, and the heart of the party being so bowed down with the weight of the dog's woe it was finally decided that the glass should be extracted. We noticed that taking glass out of a dog's foot was no small job; the whole eight of us could not hold the dog still while the three doctors attempted to perform the operation. Then it was decided to chloroform the patient. I think I never understood the attachment one can acquire for a dog until we tried to hold that little black retriever long enough to get him insensible. His motions and the reproachful looks he gave us seemed like a dumb beast's rebuke of the brutality of men. The Phonograph refused to permit the dog to be located in any other arms than his own. As the little creature began to be half-silly with chloroform the change in his deportment grieved his master and he begged the doctors assembled to desist. But the doctors had become interested and proposed to chloroform that dog even if they had to administer an anesthetic to its owner. We got towels all around him, for no matter how sympathetic you may feel it is not pleasant to have a piece nipped out of you by a semi-unconscious dog. After we got him in swaddling clothes it took nearly ten minutes dropping chloroform on his nose before he ceased begging for mercy and struggling for life. A minute afterwards the glass was extracted and the poor little black foot bound up. Then came the most touching part of the proceedings. The Phonograph felt sure that the dog was dead or would die. He held the little beast in his arms, and it disregarded the warnings of the doctors that when the dog partially recovered his senses he would be very apt to bite his nearest neighbor. Being bitten had no terrors for the Phonograph; no dying child was ever carried more tenderly.

"Throw him in the water; that will bring him to," said one of the doctors. The Phonograph carried the pup further inland for fear somebody would try to drown him. Finally the dog began to recover and I never saw a funnier yet a more pathetic sight. He did not bite his master but he evidently disliked him, and his first few uncertain steps were an effort to get away from the man who he thought had abused him. Then he began to run, stumbling over himself; he raised his head and neck like a yearling colt; jumped off rocks; fell into the water; finally made for the tent where the men were sleeping. They thought he was mad and were all inside and holding the canvas down before he got there. He stood and looked around and everything must have appeared strange, for he revolved in a few more circles which finally brought him into the water again. Dripping and stupid, he stood by the gangway. The Phonograph could stand it no longer; his dog's avoidance of him was breaking his heart. He could not explain that he had protested against the chloroform and the whole operation, yet the dog was evidently unaware that his master was not the chief conspirator. When, however, the Phonograph got his arms around the dog's neck and petted him and whispered in his ear and tried to set himself right, a look of amusement spread over the faces of the ten full-grown men who were witnesses. The dog was very reserved and as soon as possible escaped from the embrace. He looked at his master like a frightened and insulted woman might and shook his wet curls in the Phonograph's face. Then the Phonograph seized the dog, pulled him into his lap, stroked his long black ears and burst into tears. We all turned away; none of us wanted to see the emotion of our friend. One of the doctors slipped into the dining-room and I noticed him rubbing his eyes with the back of his hand. We avoided intruding on the grief of the retriever's master until we presumed it was all over, but when we turned and saw him still there, the dog still gazing strangely at him, the tears still falling and the one as perfectly oblivious of us as the other, we clambered into our boats and went out and had a fish. Queer, isn't it, how the fidelity of

a brute will endear him to us while the world is full of human beings who wonder that they are not loved?

As everybody knows, just when the sun is setting the traditions of old fishermen tell us the fish are almost certain to bite. The world has reason to be thankful for this story, which may or may not be well founded, for it has led thousands to cast their lines, to troll and to row across the water in that lovefest of all moments when rock and wave and tree are bathed in the glories of the departing light. When I summarize the beauties of a fishing trip there is little else remaining after song and story have died away than the swish of the oar, the shadows in the water, the wonderful paintings on the sky, and the little breezes that come as the sunlight goes. It is then I like to be alone; it is then it ceases to be a matter of catching fish or hearing the same old story about "so good a place." There is no bad place then, "on mountain, lake or stream." When the yellow light flashes up as the sun dips in the west it glorifies everything; it bathes the boat in the amber atmosphere that wreathes every rock and tree. When the light fades away, when the sun has gone down, the fisherman's soul is at rest; if nothing tugs at the line it is well; if you get a good catch it is very little better. One thing at least comes, and that is the glorious and overpowering sense of peace. In peace there is always plenty; even if we have nothing we have enough, and added to it all is the sense of motion, the satisfaction of that delicious tendency of the human family to try to move a little faster than our feet can propel us. The horse, the bicycle, the street car, the railway train, anything pleases us better than a walk, and the soft lapping of the water against the boat or the shore is a lullaby which is wonderfully grateful to us all. The careless expectancy of having our reverie disturbed is the beauty of twilight fishing. Who is there amongst the many who have gone out with rod and reel that afterwards, half-waking and half-dreaming, does not see the sun-sets, the glorious tints of nature and the gentle blue of the waters rather than the scenes of camp and jollity which merely separate these gentler joys into chapters? Don.

Social and Personal.

The Center Island Amateur Aquatic Association gave another very smart hop on Saturday last. The lady patronesses of these enjoyable events are: Mesdames Rolph, Armour, Bartlett, McDougall, Chadwick, Francis, Wade, and Moffat. The hops take place every Wednesday and Saturday evening. Mr. Merrick's mouth-organ solos are quite a pleasant feature of the informal concerts on Saturday evenings.

Mr. W. Christie, of Christie Brown biscuit factory, believes in giving his employees a good time. Last Saturday he arranged the annual trip to the Falls via steamer and electric railway and a very delightful day was the result. Mr. Christie bears all the expenses of this holiday, and his people receive their day's pay, while they are enjoying the hours at the ever-fascinating Niagara. A more satisfied and orderly party never crosses the lake than that which benefits by his kindness.

An interesting episode of this week was the honorable interment of the remains of the soldiers of 1814 discovered during a blast of the Niagara Falls Railway. The burial was accompanied by military honors on the anniversary of the battle of Lundy's Lane and a large gathering of patriotic souls witnessed the ceremonies. An oration was delivered by a lady, Miss Carnochan, which was, to quote a report thereof, "replete with historic interest and patriotic fervor." Rev. Canon Houston also delivered an address.

Mrs. (Dr.) Mathieson of St. Mary's, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. MacIntyre and Miss Lampert of Toronto and the Misses Richardson of Quebec as a party are summering at Beaumaris, Tondern Island, Muskoka Lake.

Mr. J. W. Cooper of Pembroke street left last evening on a two weeks' fishing excursion on Lake Simcoe.

Mr. H. K. Bowden of Brunswick avenue has recently returned from a short visit to his former home in Prescott, Ont., where Mrs. Bowden and children are now spending the remainder of the holidays.

Mrs. E. M. Fox of Queen street has returned from vacation and will receive her pupils as usual.

Mrs. Mearns of 47 Ulster street, accompanied by her sister, Miss Jessie A. Angus, is paying a visit to friends and relatives in Avon and Hanover. They expect to return to the city some time in August.

Mrs. and Miss Boon of Murray street left on Monday last for Asbury Park, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Dimford have taken up house at No. 13 Maitland street.

Miss Christie Steen has returned from Berlin. Mrs. Steen left for a visit to New York on Monday.

Miss Hewitt, niece of Mayor Hewitt of New York, cousin of Mrs. J. E. White, Carlton street, and Miss Scudder, daughter of Judge Scudder, are visiting Dr. and Mrs. White on their way from the World's Fair.

Mr. Wodehouse of Rose avenue has returned from a six weeks' visit to England.

Mrs. Fred Moffat and daughter are visiting in Oakville.

Mrs. Hume Brown, nurse and baby are summering in Oakville.

Mr. A. R. Danison has returned from a trip to the Georgian Bay.

Messrs. Will W. Dickson, M. McCord, Geo. Darby and B. Holtorf have gone to spend a few weeks in a picturesque spot on Rice Lake.

Miss Z. U. B. Hare, B.A., of Toronto is now visiting Miss Dyan of Hamilton.

Mrs. W. H. Thorne of Spadina avenue has been spending several weeks in Montreal and

has gone to the Adirondack Mountains for the rest of the summer.

Dr. Proctor, who was the guest of Dr. Hamilton, 211 Bathurst street, last week, on his return to his home, Beamton, Lake Simcoe, from a trip through the Orient, spent last year in visiting the Canary Islands and west coast of Africa, Senegambia, Liberia and the Gold Coast, including a trip of four hundred miles' extent up the Niger. The doctor is an old Toronto School of Medicine graduate and M.D., C.M. of University of Trinity College.

Mrs. J. S. Russell and Miss Maude Russell of Saginaw, Mich., are visiting friends in the city.

Mr. Alfred J. D. Rubidge of Denver, Col., and Miss Olive A. V. Meikle of Toronto were married at Colorado Springs in Grace Episcopal church on July 5, at ten a.m., Rev. A. R. Kieffer officiating. Mr. Rubidge is the eldest son of Mr. David Rubidge, one of Denver's most influential citizens, while Miss Meikle is the third daughter of Mr. William Meikle of Port Arthur. Mrs. Rubidge will visit her sister, Mrs. (Major) Cooke of Ravenscraig, Cookstown, next week.

Miss Annot has gone to Orillia for the holidays.

Miss Clayton of Swansea left last week for the Mackinac trip.

Miss Moodie of Hamilton spent last week with friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Coe and Miss Ardagh are spending their vacation at the home of Mr. Coe's parents, Peterboro'.

Mr. and Mrs. James Crocker and their daughter, Mrs. McCollum, are summering at Avon Springs, N.Y.

Mr. H. E. May of 514 Parliament street has gone to Chicago, where he intends to join his family, who are now visiting different towns throughout the States.

The first hop of the season at the Hotel Frontenac, Round Island, Thousand Islands, which took place on Saturday evening last, was a brilliant and successful affair. Among the Torontonians present were: Mrs. J. F. M. Macfarlane, Mrs. J. Staunton King, Miss King, Misses Victor and Lillian Macfarlane and Mr. D. E. Cameron. The yacht Norma of Kingston, having on board Captain F. Strange, Dr. F. Bermingham, Messrs. Lewis D. Shannon, Francis W. Macneue, W. Bruce Skinner, H. H. Gildersleeve and C. Gay Shannon, visited Round Island on Saturday last, the crew taking in the hop at the Frontenac as the guests of Mrs. J. F. M. Macfarlane and Mrs. J. Staunton King.

Mrs. Drescher-Adamson and party, including Miss Massie, Miss Warden and Miss Lina Adamson, are summering at the Georgian Bay.

Miss Mabel Strong is visiting friends in Hamilton.

Rev. Edward Cockburn, M.A., Mrs. Cockburn and Miss Mary Cockburn of Paris, Ont. are summering in a cottage at Port Dover.

Mr. Herbert Hulme is at his home in Belleville for his holidays.

Mr. Gerald Wade of the Agricultural and Arts Association has gone to the World's Fair for three weeks.

Mrs. Ashdown of 28 Ulster street returned this week after a three months' visit to her old home in England.

Mrs. A. B. Scott and Miss Lou Gordon of Morden, Manitoba, are spending the summer with friends in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Torrington are visiting the World's Fair.

Miss Ashworth of 660 Euclid avenue left last Tuesday, per steamer Cuba, for an extended visit in the historic city of Quebec.

Mr. Boucher leaves this week for Nebraska, where he will take up his residence. He has been appointed musical director of the State Normal School there.

Miss Evelyn Smith of Baltimore, who has been Mrs. Parkes' guest at Lorne Park for a month, left last week, in company with Miss Guy Tureaud of New Orleans and Miss Parkes, on a delightful trip of alternate water and land travel, taking in Montreal, Quebec, Portland, Boston and New York.

After a most enjoyable time visiting the many places of interest in and around New York, including a short stay at Long Branch, N.J., Miss M. H. Bell of Borden street has just returned, and was accompanied by Mrs. G. F. Lewis of New York city, who intends spending some time at her former home.

Dr. H. Herbert Barkwell of London, England, has been for some days the guest of his cousin, Rev. W. J. Barkwell, on his way to Chicago. Dr. Barkwell is an old Trinity College and University boy.

Hon. A. S. Hardy is summering in Parry Sound.

The many Toronto friends of the late Justice Patterson learned of his death with sincere regret. The funeral took place on Thursday afternoon on the arrival of the C.P.R. train, and was attended by many representative people. For many years the late justice and his amiable wife were much beloved members of Toronto society, and their cozy, homelike residence on Jarvis street was a place of reunion for many warm friends who appreciated their kindly hospitality. Mr. Dickson Patterson, the well known artist, is a son of the late justice.

Dr. and Mrs. McFarlane of Garrard street have gone to the Coast for their summer outing.

Mrs. Stephen Jarvis is spending the heated term in Goderich.

At the Penetanguishene Hotel are registered: Miss Somers, Mrs. J. S. Aikens and son, Miss Aikens, Mr. H. G. Aikens, Mr. D. K. Smith, Mr. T. L. Morison, Mr. and Mrs. Henry

Moffat, Dr. J. M. Henwood, Mr. B. B. Osler, Mr. H. S. Osler, Mr. John Thompson, Mr. W. R. Meredith, Mr. George Kappeler, Rev. A. Macgillivray, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Jones, child and nurse, Miss Grace Murray, Miss Homer Dixon, Messrs. H. Langton and G. H. Collins of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. James Bicknell, nurse and two children, of Hamilton, Messrs. Henry Shaw, G. B. McKinnon of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. Nixon, Mr. Campbell of New York, Messrs. John H. Hazel and H. E. Montgomery of Buffalo, the Misses Macdonald of Dunnville, and Mrs. Davies of Sarnia.

The following Toronto people registered this week at the Millford Bay House, Lake Muskoka: Miss Gilbert, Miss S. Gilbert, Mr. W. A. Baird, Mr. H. B. Kent, Mr. and Mrs. J. Watt, Miss May and Master J. Watt, Mrs. Thomas and Miss Daisy Bryer, Mrs. J. A. and Miss Edith B. Mills, Willie A. and Frank E. Mills, Mr. and Mrs. G. Y. Ramsay, maid and family, Mrs. Thos. and Miss Mina McLean, Mr. and Mrs. Claude F. Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Irwin and child, Mrs. Cheesborough, and Miss Ella Sheppard.

Among the arrivals at Glen Island summer resort are: Mr. and Mrs. Dingman, Mrs. Lottie Nixon, Mrs. Dewar, Miss Jean Dewar, Mrs. Beatrice Dewar, Master Ernest Dewar and nurse, Mr. Wm. Henry, Miss C. Dingman, Mrs. M. Dingman, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bilton, Miss E. Bilton, Miss Mary Bilton, Master Norman Bilton, Mr. and Mrs. F. Bouvia, children and nurse, Mr. Ira Standish, Mrs. L. Standish, Mr. and Mrs. J. Richards, Signor D'Auria, family and nurse, Mr. and Mrs. John Pugsley, Miss May Pugsley, Miss Josie Pugsley of Toronto; Mr. James MacMullen, Mrs. J. S. MacMullen, Mr. Fred MacMullen, Mr. Herbert MacMullen, Miss M. P. MacMullen, Mr. and Mrs. T. Y. Hess, Mr. Geo. Wilmot, family and nurse, Mr. and Mrs. R. Hadden, Miss Lillie Hadden, Miss Maud Hadden of Picton, Mrs. W. Parrish, Miss Parrish of Port Perry, Miss Sexton, Mrs. Caulfield, Miss K. Hixon, Mr. Dougall, Mrs. Alexander of New York, Mr. G. West, Mr. and Mrs. Holten, family and nurse, Mr. W. Power of Belleville, Colonel Anderson of the Government Marine Service, Mr. Drummond of Ottawa, Mr. Wilkins of Montreal, Messrs. Don. and Alex. Henry of Nanawau, Mr. and Mrs. White, Miss M. Bailey of St. Catharines, Mr. E. Selwood of Guelph, Mrs. Dora Huyck of Bloomfield, Mr. and Mrs. Albert of Detroit, Mrs. E. Scott of Liverpool, Mr. F. Damon, Mr. and Mrs. H. Willbanks, family and nurse, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Williamson, Miss Puss Williamson, Masters Jack, Percy, Harold, Hugh and G. S. Williamson and nurse, of Washington, D.C.

Rev. Edwin Day, of Holy Trinity church, and Miss Constance Day left on Monday for England, via the Thousand Islands and Quebec route.

Mr. Wilfred Campbell, the poet of the lakes, has received a government appointment.

Miss Ellie Catto is in Muskoka, as are also the Misses Millicamp and Burgess.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson are at the Penetanguishene.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Haas are summering in Penetang at the popular Penetanguishene.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Bruce Harman and family are summering at the Penetanguishene.

Mrs. J. H. Spink of Russell street and Miss Lena Borkinshaw are spending the summer at Cleveland, Muskoka.

Following is a partial list of the recent arrivals at the Monteth House, Rosseau, Muskoka: Mr. O. H. Vogt and Mr. L. Kennedy of Galt, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. McNeil of Gravenhurst, Mr. and Mrs. W. Thompson and son of Chicago, Mr. George Richardson of Parry Sound, Mr. C. Miller of Bracebridge, Mr. John Woods of Parry Sound, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Deane of Philadelphia, Mrs. Waterbury and family, Mrs. Johnston, Mrs. Hamilton and daughter, Mr. W. A. Hamilton of Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Rooney of New York, Mr. W. J. Farther of Rochester, Mr. W. S. McLaren of Hamilton, Mr. M. E. Tookey of Sundridge, Mr. Charles Priest of Milton, Mrs. Owen Hitchcock, Miss Irene Hitchcock of Paris, Mrs. W. G. Pierce and family, Mr. H. D. McKnight of Pittsburgh, Mr. A. D. Jones of San Francisco, and the following from Toronto: Mr. W. E. Mason, Mr. W. W. Cockburn, Mr. J. Yates, Mr. W. H. Moor, Mr. C. O. Warrington, Mr. W. H. Whytock, Mr. E. Leger, Mr. Nelson Biglow, Mr. J. C. Brown, Mr. F. W. Doran, Continued on Page Eleven.

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

FOR SUMMER WEAR

Silk and Linen Gloves our specialty.

Chamois Gloves in 4 button and Mosquetaire. 4 button Dressed and Undressed Kid Gloves, with fancy stitchings and welts to match.

We are selling the balance of our Summer Stock of

Dress Goods

Dress Trimmings

Ends of Silk

At a Great Reduction.

Pattern Hats and Bonnets Below Cost

WM STITT & CO.

11 and 13 King Street East.

Royal Baden-Baden.

We are showing in our window this week Royal Baden-Baden ware in Cups and Saucers (Tea and After-dinner Coffee) and Plates. This line which we have just opened up, we think for so moderate a price the most attractive of all of the kind recently received.

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Dealer in the finest grades of AMERICAN RUBBER AND SHOES For Ladies and Children. New shoes for summer in special shades of Russia leather.

AMERICAN SHOE STORE

124 King St. West (opposite Rossin House).

FOR FIFTY YEARS Messrs. Ellis & Co.

Have been doing a steadily increasing business.

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Diamonds, Pearls, Novelties, Etc.

Mail orders receive prompt attention.

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Shaves
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Filters
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LEMON SQUEEZERS

RICE LEWIS & SON

LIMITED

King Street East - - - TORONTO

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Printed Surah Silks

30 cents per yard

Printed Foulard Silks

50 cents per yard

SPECIAL LINES—Printed Challies, Delaines, Sateens, Cambrics, Ginghams and Lawns at Reduced Prices.

JOHN CATTO & SON

King Street, opposite the Post Office

Out of Town.

Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Mrs. R. G. Dickson returned from Toronto last week.

The Very Rev. Dr. George Innes, Dean of Huron, was the guest last week of Mr. J. L. Gibb. He returned to London on Wednesday.

Mrs. Philip Strathy is at Doyle's hotel.

Miss Helen Anderson of Fort Erie is the guest of Mrs. Hedley Anderson.

Mrs. E. Phillips and her pretty little fair-haired girl will spend the coming month at Doyle's.

Mrs. H. Willson of Brooklyn is at Riverside.

Mr. Fred Date of Toronto has been a frequent visitor in town lately.

Mrs. J. O. Heward and family will occupy a pretty little cottage near the Queen's Royal this summer.

Mrs. George Strathy and family arrived last Thursday and will occupy Willow Cottage as usual during the season.

Miss Wood, who has been visiting Miss Beavan, returned to St. Catharines last Friday.

Miss Collins of New York, a pretty gray-eyed brunette, is the guest of her cousin, Miss Carnegie Arnold.

It was a well satisfied and very much delighted audience which rose to join in the National Anthem at the close of Mr. W. E. Ramsay's first concert of the season last Friday evening. At least four hundred were present in the great, airy amphitheater, and judging from the peals of laughter which followed the comic songs given by Mr. Ramsay and Mr. T. Baker, and the applause which announced the appearance of Miss M. Houston, whose sweet soprano voice made a most favorable impression, it is safe to prophesy that those who enjoyed the evening so immensely on Friday will not often be absent from the concerts which will be given under Mr. Ramsay's management every Tuesday and Friday evening during the season. Although the clever young director will introduce new talent every week, his own and Mrs. Ramsay's name, which will appear with re-assuring regularity on every programme, will be quite sufficient to ensure large and appreciative audiences. Their return to Chautauqua, which, until quite recently, was an unpleasant uncertainty, for a season with no Ramsay and no Chautauqua entertainments was not a pleasant thing to contemplate. Among those present on Friday of last week were: Mr. Henry Garrett, Mrs. Thompson, Senator and Mrs. Ferguson, Mrs. Winnett, the Misses Winnett, Mrs. H. Hewgill, Mr. J. Russell, Mr. W. and Miss B. Ferguson, the Misses Heward, Dr. and Mrs. H. Watt, the Misses Blake, Miss B. Bernard, Mrs. W. Smith, the Misses Kingsmill, Mr. Matheson, Miss Daisy Boulton, Mrs. P. Beale, Mr. and Mrs. F. Geddes, the Misses Geddes, Miss Florence Houston, Miss Milloy, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ball, Miss Henderson, Miss Evans, Miss V. Gimson, Mr. Thompson, Miss L. Rogers, Miss K. Ball, Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop.

Mr. James Foy and family have taken Mrs. Newton's pretty red brick house on Main street for the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlton Strathy of Buffalo spent last Sunday at Willow Cottage.

Misses Annie and Gertrude Blake are visiting friends at Port Colborne.

Among the visitors in town last Sunday were: Mr. Wilmot Strathy, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Foy, Mr. Ernest Ball, Mr. George Fisher, Mr. Ernest Copp and Mr. Stewart Houston.

Miss Russell, who has been away for the past six or seven months, is at home again.

Instead of the band of the 21st Regiment from Fort Niagara, Kuhn's famous orchestra from Buffalo was engaged for the hop at the Queen's Royal last Saturday, and gave unbounded satisfaction and delight to the many present. As usual Buffalo was well represented, and very much admired were the jolly, graceful little American maidens who seemed to enter so heartily into the enjoyment of the evening. Among others present were: Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Mr. J. Geale Dickson, Mrs. Hanson, Mrs. and the Misses Meredith, Mr. C. Moffatt, Mrs. W. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon McKenzie, Mr. A. Thompson, Mr. L. Tilley, Senator and Mrs. Ferguson, Mr. C. W. Bixby, Mr. Leslie Nelles, Mr. W. Ferguson, Mr. H. Collier, Mr. Percy Ball, Mr. E. Ball, the Misses Heward, Miss Florence Wey, Mr. and Mrs. Ball, Miss Milloy, Miss Daisy Boulton, Mr. F. Smith, Mrs. and Miss Geddes, Mr. George Fisher, Mr. T. Plummer, Miss Henderson, Miss Florence Houston, Mrs. H. Garrett, Miss Collins, Miss Arnold, Mr. Henry Garrett, Mr. and the Misses Winnett, Miss Freedman, Mr. Harding, Mr. Bernard, Mr. Russell, Miss Howe, and Mr. Ernest Wilson. The number of white gowns in the room was particularly remarkable, some of those following the fashion of the evening being: Miss Milloy, white silk; Miss Collins, white serge trimmed with gold braid; Miss Meredith, white silk; the Misses Howard, white muslin; Miss C. Arnold, white bengaline with yellow ribbons and white lace; Miss B. Ferguson, white silk; Miss Maud Kingsmill, white silk gauze with a long, loosely knotted scarf of white falling from one side; Miss Daisy Boulton, white silk; Miss Freedman, white silk; Miss Houston, white gauze; Miss Winnett, yellow silk; Miss Wey wore white muslin dotted with blue forget-me-nots; Miss Geddes, pale blue muslin and lace; Mrs. Winnett, black and white striped silk; Mrs. H. Garrett, silver gray bengaline.

The Dean of Huron, whose kind, earnest face will be long remembered most lovingly by his many old and new friends here, took the services at St. Mark's last Sunday in the absence of Mr. Garrett.

There are between forty and fifty guests at Hotel Chautauqua enjoying the fresh lake breezes and a life which embraces the gaieties of town and the delightful quiet of the country. Either is easily obtainable, and both are being more generally enjoyed in this charming and fashionable little summer resort than in any previous season; cottages, hotels and boarding-houses are all well patronized, and so many familiar faces from the towns on either side of us appear at every gathering that one almost wonders if the tranquil little village has not engulfed the cities on the north and south and gathered into its narrow limits the gay society of both. The Queen's Royal offers attractions

too numerous to mention, and passing visitors and cottagers do not hesitate to join the guests of the hotel in taking advantage of them.

Mr. J. Geale Dickson is at the Queen's.

Rumor has it that a jolly young matron on the Chautauqua road will shortly give a dance. A large garden where exquisite roses and flowers of every kind grow in grand profusion, a lovely new house perfectly finished and fitted up, and a charming host and hostess—what more could be wished for to make the occasion a delightful one!

Mr. Pedro Alma is among the guests at Doyle's.

GALATEA.

Ottawa.

Rev. John Wood has gone to Montreal to relieve the Rev. Mr. Warriner of Zion church for a few weeks.

Mrs. Charles Elliot has gone to Cacouna to spend the summer with her sister, Miss Hamilton.

The 43rd Battalion ought to be proud of their handsome young officer who is making so many "bulls" at Bixley Camp. Lieut. T. Cooper Boville is a credit to his regiment; in the Jeffery match he scored eleven bulls.

Mrs. Lord has returned to the city after a most delightful visit with Mrs. Northrup of Belleville.

Mr. R. Rowley has gone to Murray Bay for a holiday.

Mr. Joseph Pope and family have gone to spend the summer at Riviere du Loup.

Mrs. Watters, Miss Watters and Master R. Watters will summer on the Rideau river.

Mrs. Percy Sherwood is visiting in Montreal.

Miss O'Donahoe of Sussex street has gone to Cacouna for a month's visit.

Major and Mrs. Heron are living in Aylmer for the summer.

Mrs. James Forward has been spending a few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. McKee of Lachute.

Mr. J. H. Neeve, the popular teller of the Bank of Ottawa, has been made the manager of the new branch of the bank on Rideau street. We wish Jack every success in his new office.

Mr. R. Cassell's family are at Murray Bay.

Mr. H. H. Morton and family are camping at Hog's Back.

Miss L. Booth is visiting Miss Cooke at Smith's Falls.

Miss Florrie Brown, daughter of James Brown, has returned from a visit to New York.

Mr. N. A. Belcourt has rented a house at Cumberland for the summer. Mr. Belcourt is gaining in health all the time, we are happy to see.

Mr. A. Ferguson, Q.C., sailed from New York for Europe on Saturday.

Mr. D. L. McLean has been appointed one of the judges for the week of Scottish games at the World's Fair next month.

Mr. F. Burritt, law student, and Mr. Charles A. Lewis of the Merchants' Bank, have gone to Cushing's Island, Maine, for a holiday trip.

Mrs. Thomas Cluff and family will spend a few weeks' holiday at Dickinson's Landing, on the St. Lawrence.

Mr. Fleury and family are spending the summer at Bessers' Grove.

Mr. John Hunter, of Wellington street, and family are camping at Chelsea.

Mrs. Walter Dicks and family are camping at Hog's Back.

Miss Ryckman, daughter of Rev. Mr. Ryckman, late pastor of the Dominion Methodist church, is visiting friends in the city.

Miss Bradbury, sister of Mr. A. E. Bradbury, and Miss Pilson are summering at Murray Bay.

Mrs. Frank Clayton and family are camping on Kettle Island.

Mr. W. H. Smithman, accountant of the Postoffice Department, has gone home to New Brunswick for a holiday trip.

Mr. G. M. Green, barrister, and family have gone to the Thousand Islands for a holiday.

Mr. Fred Heriot of the Bank of British North America is visiting his brother, Mr. J. C. A. Heriot, in Montreal.

Mr. Walter Morris of Savannah, Ga., an old Ottawa boy, is visiting friends in the city.

Hon. Mr. J. A. Oulmet and Madam Oulmet were in Chicoutimi in the early part of the week.

Mrs. George Thompson has returned from a very pleasant holiday at St. Germain.

A very pretty but quiet wedding took place on Wednesday afternoon, July 12, at Christ church, when Miss Desiree Elise Bourinot was united in marriage to Mr. Henry Aylen, a very successful barrister of Aylmer, Que. The ceremony was performed by the Venerable Archdeacon Lauder. Mr. John Aylen, brother of the groom, was the best man, and Miss Wright, daughter of Mr. C. B. Wright of Hull, performed the pleasant duties of bridesmaid. Only the immediate friends and relations of the families were present. The happy couple left for the White Mountains, Boston, and the World's Fair to spend their honeymoon.

Miss Maud Hardman has gone to Boston for a few weeks' visit.

Mrs. J. G. Bryson of Fort Coulonge is in the city visiting her sister, Miss Rochester of 36 Rochester street.

Mrs. A. T. Grant returned home on Saturday from a visit in Rockland.

Miss Ethel Belford left early in the week for a few weeks' visit with friends in Muskoka.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Snowden of St. George's church have gone to Murray Bay for a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Miss Mackay of Cooper street are leaving shortly on a continental tour.

Mrs. E. W. Scott, of Daly avenue, and family have gone out to their country residence in Chelsea, Que.

Mrs. Camble of Cooper street left with her family last week for Cacouna.

Miss Jean Lindsay is visiting Mrs. George Nash in Dorval.

Miss Papineau of Montebello is visiting in Ottawa.

SCRIER.

Can't Be Too Careful.

She—Will you give me a kiss, Tommy?

Tommy—Not much! The next thing you would be suing me for breach of promise, I suppose.

Safe Place.

Excited Citizen—Say, there's a big fight going on round the corner!

Policeman—Well, you stay here wid me an' you won't be in it.



S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

Building Sale

THE NEW ANNEX SOMEONE asks what additional store space is secured in opening the new annex, 170 Yonge street. Roughly, we would say nearly double. But a little later we'll give you the exact dimension. Just now we're busy stocking it with goods, extending the departments, changing some from one point to another, and putting in important new departments. This will occupy a few days, and knock things about topsy-turvy, a little. Some wonderful bargains to be picked up at these times Annex and original store all under one roof. Partitions now down.

COTTONS Best in domestic and foreign manufacture always in stock. An unbleached table linen for 25c; butcher's linen, 40 in., 16c; white cottons, 26 in., 6j.

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Niagara Falls Line Steamers GARDEN CITY EMPRESS OF INDIA LAKESIDE

Daily from Milloy's Wharf at 7.50 a.m. and 3.15 p.m. for Port Dalhousie, connecting with G. T. R. for ST. CATHARINES, BUFFALO, NEW YORK, and all points East and South; also at 7 p.m. for St. Catharines only. Tickets at all G. T. R. and principal ticket offices and on wharf. For excursion rates and general information, apply at Head Office on Milloy's Wharf or Telephone 260.

Niagara River Line 4 TRIPS DAILY

CHICORA and CIBOLA COMMENCING THURSDAY, JUNE 1

Will leave Goddess' Wharf daily (except Sunday) at 7 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m. and 4.45 p.m. for Niagara, Queenston and Lewiston, connecting with New York Central, Michigan Central Railways and Niagara Falls Park and River Electric Road—the short route to Falls, Buffalo, New York and all points east. Tickets at all principal offices and on wharf.

HAMILTON STEAMBOAT CO. MACASSA and MODJESKA

FOUR TRIPS EACH WAY DAILY

Leave TORONTO 7.30 and 11 a.m., 2 and 5.15 p.m. Leave HAMILTON 7.45 and 10.45 a.m., 2.15 and 5.30 p.m. * Calls at Oakville, weather permitting.

J. B. GRIFFITH, F. ARMSTRONG, Manager, Agent.

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THREE TRIPS DAILY

From Milloy's Wharf, 10 a.m., 2 and 5.15 p.m. From Park at 11.30 a.m., 4 and 7 p.m.

Fare—20c for round trip, or Four Tickets for \$1

Very Cheap Rates for Excursions During August

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Agent also for Allan, State, Dominion, Beaver, Hamburg, Netherlands, Wilson and French Lines.

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New York to Antwerp and Paris Wednesdays and Saturdays. Highest-class Steamers with palatial equipment. Excursion tickets valid to return by Red Star Line from Antwerp, or American Line from London, Southampton or Havre. Ask for "Facts for Travelers."

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High class costume after French and American measurements.

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LIFE IS TOO SHORT TO punish your feet by wearing shoes that do not fit. Our Shoes are famous. Our Styles are captivating. Our Qualities are enduring. Our Fit is perfection. Our prices are reasonable. Examine our English Oxfords, Blucher Oxfords, Russian Tan Goats, Tan Goats, White Canvas, Brown Canvas and Red Goats. 20 p. c. discount off all Red Shoes in Ladies' sizes.

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From Milloy's Wharf, Commencing

Saturday, 10th, Wednesday, 14th, at 2 p.m.

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Special pavilions, conveniences and privileges. Moonlight per GARDEN CITY arranged to this lovely resort. Secure dates. W. E. CORNELL, Mgr., 84 Church street. N. B.—Hotel open, 50 and 60 per week. Cottages to rent.

Standard Dress Bones

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STANDARD DRESS BONES

The steel is extra quality, non-corrosive, metal tipped, securely stitched and fastened in a covering of superior satin. Can be relied on not to stain, cut through at the ends, or become detached.

Ask for Them

They are the Best

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Dyeing and Bleaching. A full line of ornaments in latest designs.

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All Goods at Bottom Prices

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103 & 105 Yonge St. TORONTO

18

MARJORY'S MISTAKE

By ADELINE SERGEANT,

Author of "The Great Mill Street Mystery," "Jacob's Wife," "Sir Anthony's Secret," "Under False Pretences," &c., &c.

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PROLOGUE.

The dawn was breaking, but it broke gray and cold and lifeless, bringing no beauty to the dismal scene.

The gray sea heaved restlessly beneath the scudding clouds of morning; a few crests of white here and there were visible upon the mountainous waves, and upon a line of barren beach the waters fell with a sullen roar of thunder that sounded ominous to the ear. And on the waves, tossing aimlessly to and fro, lay a black fragment of wreckage—part of the rigging of a ship that had been torn by some sharp, piercing rock on which the tempest of the previous day had driven it; a heaving mass of wood and rope, of broken spar and mast, to which a few wretched human beings still clung for safety, waiting almost hopelessly for the chance of succor from the coast or aid from a possibly passing vessel as soon as daylight came to make their plight known to wayfarers by land or sea.

There was little likelihood that any of the survivors of the shipwreck would ultimately be saved; but there was just a chance, and to that chance they clung with sickening suspense. They belonged to a passenger ship, which had gone to pieces in sight of land; and the persons who still remained afloat were, as it happened, either steerage passengers or sailors.

The man who had got the highest and safest position on the floating mass, and who had drawn his daughter up beside him, was a gray-haired, muscular man, with strongly marked, harsh-looking features, and a pair of fierce and resolute eyes. He seemed almost too rough and coarse to be the father of the sweet, delicate girl, with a face like a lily, whom he had encircled with his arm until he could no longer support the weight. He had been seriously injured in his endeavor to save her and himself; one of his arms was broken, and the other had grown numb with cold and waning strength. If he had not managed to fasten her with a rope to the rigging, she would have slipped out of his grasp before the morning dawned.

For she was a delicate girl, and exposure and suffering had done their work upon her. In the morning light her face showed ghastly pale, and her half-closed eyelids and her lips were a livid, violet tint. The father groaned aloud as he looked at her, and then cast about his eyes for help.

He himself had a life-belt, and it seemed to him that it would be better to adjust it round the fainting figure at his side rather than keep it for himself. He had no special desire for life other than the animal craving for it which exists, sometimes against the will, in all of us; but he longed earnestly to secure his daughter's life. For she had friends, a lover, a prospect of happiness, before her; and he had nothing that he cared about except herself. What could he do to save her?

He tried to remove the life-belt, but his strength was not equal to the task. A groan burst from him as he attempted to move his broken arm. He was helpless, and for the first time he recognized the futility of his position. He looked round at the other men on the wreck. The man nearest him was another steerage passenger, whom he knew but slightly; a fair, handsome young fellow, who, as the older man was quick to notice, had hitherto adopted some disguise for his face was here and there stained with a dark-colored dye, partly washed off by the sea-water. There was also some change in the color and arrangement of his hair, surely—it was that he had come on board with a beard, and had—perhaps—shaved it off! But there was little time for these thoughts. The suggestions of all that now was clear to the mind of Jerry Strong, the father of the insensible girl, was that his fair, open face had not looked like the face of a selfish or timid man. Even as he reflected, he saw that the young fellow was moving from his position, and was creeping up, inch by inch, with the greatest care, to the higher point occupied by Jerry Strong and his daughter Mary.

"Hold hard! have a care," said Strong, harshly. "There's not room for another up here."

"I mean to try my chance," the younger man called back, in a curiously fierce tone. Jerry Strong observed him in silence. His face was ghastly, his blue eyes were strained and terrified, the shuddering glance which he cast from time to time at the "cruel, crawling sea" showed his fear of the death which seemed to await him. Surely a man for whom death had such terrors would be willing to assist another in the same desperate struggle!

He crept up until he was almost close to the elder man.

"Look here," said Jerry Strong at last, "I want your help. You see this life-belt—I can't get it off."

"I see," said the young fellow, with a greedy gleam in his blue eyes. "I see. Why do you want it off? It is your only chance."

"What does it matter about my chance? I want it for Mary here. Take it off me if you can, and put it on her—that's what I want you to do."

"Put it on that girl! Do you know what you're saying, old man? The girl's dead already—why waste it on her?"

The brutality of the speech did not strike Jerry Strong so much as the words of death. He craned his neck to see his daughter's face; it was half-turned away, but he could see that it wore a hue like that of death. Angerly he thrust this idea from him, however, and spoke in a sharper tone:

"You lie! She's exhausted, that's all. But she shall be saved if I can save her. Will you help me or not?"

"Yes, I'll help you," said the other, with a strange quietness of tone. His eyes were hungry still.

With infinite labor and much suffering on Jerry Strong's part, the life-belt was disengaged from his shoulders, and he proceeded to direct the young man how to put it round Mary's motionless figure.

"Lift her up a little—you can reach her. Perhaps she can help you herself. Mary—why, man, you—what the—are you doing?"

What he was doing was plain enough. He was slipping the belt over his own head, and there was an ugly look of greed and triumph and hatred on his fair handsome face.

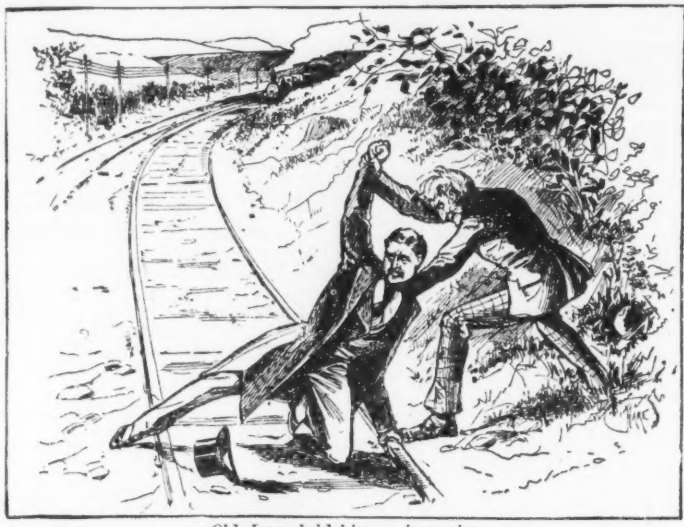
other men to knock him down and hinder him from leaving the wreck. But no one interfered. Some had been injured, some were faint and weary; in all the love of life stronger than the desire to fight for a dying girl. The young man's action was condemned—that was true; but no one was roused to lift a finger against him. At that hour, when so slight a chance of life remained to everyone, it hardly seemed worth while.

In spite of Jerry's objections then, the young Englishman made his leap into the water, which, as he had said, was quieter now. He was a fine swimmer, and he had both life-belt and buoy to support him. For some few minutes the watchmen followed his course; then they could see only a small black object, and finally this object was also lost to view. Whether he reached the land or not was uncertain, but one of the sailors, who possessed very keen sight, gave it as his opinion that he was saved.

Then Jerry Strong uttered a passionate cry. "Him saved, and my girl lost! Has God forgotten us?"

Perhaps it was the utterance of that sacred name which called his daughter back to momentary consciousness. She opened her eyes and looked at her father with something like a smile upon her pallid lips. "God never forgets," she said faintly. And then the violet-veined eyelids closed again, and the smile that remained fixed upon her mouth was tranquil as the smile of death.

Jerry groaned aloud in impotent rage and distress. "God never forgets—that may be true," he said, "but how does that make up to me for the wickedness of man? I'll never forget, either. If ever I come safe to land, I'll hunt that man down, wherever he may be, and make him suffer too; he shall die slowly by inches, as you are doing now, my lamb—my



Old Jerry held him as in a vice.

lamb. And if he dies—then I'll wait till death comes to me, and in another world the Lord will deliver him into my hand! But he will not escape! No, curse him!—in this world and the next, my girl's murderer shall not escape!" And the sea thundered beneath him, and the winds moaned in the rigging, and the sky was gray and cold and inexorable as the cold-handed death that seemed to wait beside them on the wreck. But for some of them at least death waited that day in vain.

[End of Prologue.]

CHAPTER I.

The Squire pulled up his horse and listened. He had never heard anything like it in the lanes about Redwood. A violin player in the heart of Surrey, playing in a cottage garden, was something to be met with perhaps only once in a life-time. And such a violin player, too!

It was not that the music was perfect in itself. The player was wanting in accuracy, in finish, in all that goes to make an accomplished musician, but the music possessed a verve, a brilliancy, which atoned for many faults of execution, and which brought the Squire and his horse to a standstill just outside the cottage garden gate.

There was little of the cottage to be seen from the spot where he stood, its red chimney alone being visible amongst the mass of verdure. The apple trees were in blossom, and the masses of bloom stood out in all their whiteness against the blue sky, dappled with silver clouds. The cottage and its enclosure of garden stood on rather raised ground, from which a few roughly cut steps and a sloping path led downwards to a patch of grass whence three roads diverged. One of these roads came from the hills, another led to the neighboring village, and the third was a mere by-road leading to one or two stray cottages somewhat removed from the bulk of the community.

This red cottage with its massive chimneys and the surrounding garden and orchard belonged, of course, to the Squire, but as he was not a man who troubled himself over much about the details of his property, he knew very little about it or its occupants. He remembered dimly now that the name of his tenant was Pawson—Levi Pawson—but whether the man was single or married, whether he had any children, or what was his business occupation, had entirely escaped his memory. He was a townsman by birth and education; he had not been bred a country Squire, and he did not always play the part as well as he imagined.

Music was the one passion of his life. He had suffered from a dearth of it of late since he came into possession of the estate in Surrey, which had been left him by a cousin whom he had seldom seen. He lived there because he thought it his duty to do so. He varied the monotony of his life by frequent visits to London; but during the past winter even this resource had failed him. His health had been delicate and his doctor had prescribed rest and quiet. Moreover, a slight accident to his foot had kept him a prisoner to the house for some time. Now, however, his foot was better; the spring was here, with its balmy airs; and he was longing for the time when he could escape from pine woods and green meadows, all of which were profoundly interesting to him, and seek again the more congenial haunts of Joachim and Paderewski. He had been dreaming of these masters of melody as he rode along the country lanes, and striving in that way to counteract a natural irritability of temper induced by certain turns in his own affairs, when the notes of that violin struck upon his ear with startling effect. It was quite impossible for him to pass the cottage without ascertaining who and what was the player.

He dismounted—rather slowly, because his foot was troublesome at times—fastened his horse to a pail and opened the gate. Evidently the unknown player was in the garden; the notes did not come from the house. The Squire, as the villagers called him—Mr. Sheraton Hyde, Q.C., as he was known in the London world—walked up the narrow path be-

tween a tall green hedge and a plot of raspberry bushes, and came at length on a full view of house, garden and violin player. It gave Mr. Hyde quite a shock, partly of surprise and partly of something not unlike vexation (for reasons of his own), to discover that the player was after all only a little girl.

Perhaps she was older than she looked. At any rate, with her golden hair tumbling to her waist, her short skirts and her small frame, she did not at first look more than a child of ten years old. Her back was turned to Mr. Hyde, so that he could not see her face; but he noticed that her dress was extremely poor and shabby, that of the ordinary village child, in a more or less dirty and dilapidated condition. It was a faded blue cotton, almost outgrown, and an old white sun-bonnet was thrown carelessly on the grass beside her. She stood in the shade of the blossoming apple trees, with flecks of intermittent sunshine upon her golden hair and shabby frock, and she played her violin with a force and fervor which struck the Squire as something more remarkable in a child of these surroundings than the technical skill of an ordinary drawing-room performer.

The child did not hear his footsteps, and he did not choose to interrupt her. He waited until she paused, then clapped his hands lightly together and said, "Brava! very well played."

The girl turned round with such a start that the violin almost dropped from her hand. It was indeed somewhat alarming to her to find herself thus suddenly confronted with a tall, spare man with gray hair, piercing dark eyes under jet-black brows and finely cut features which usually wore a somewhat grim and sardonic expression. Sheraton Hyde was considered a distinguished-looking man in town; in the country his tenants accounted him "furrin-looking," and regarded him somewhat in the light of an ogre. Perhaps this accounted for the look of dismay and discomfort with which the girl regarded him.

She was certainly older than he had imagined, though not very old after all. She was perhaps thirteen or fourteen, and she possessed beauty of a rare and subtle kind, which seemed to him far too delicate for a village girl living in a tumble-down old cottage in a Surrey lane. He wondered that he had never seen her before.

"Who taught you to play?" he asked abruptly.

"My father. Does he live here?" she asked, and her eyes wandered away to the line of blue hills piled up on the low horizon, with a wistful and troubled expression.

"How did you come here, then?" said the Squire. "Whom do you belong to? Are you staying with friends?" He spoke rather sharply, as was his wont, and the girl's brows contracted with a look of defiance and displeasure.

"My relations live there," she said, pointing to the cottage. "You can ask them all about me if you want to know," and then she turned her back upon him and picked up her sun-bonnet.

Hyde was more amused than vexed by her incivility.

"Come," he said good-humoredly enough, "I don't want to be too inquisitive, but I am the landlord of your relatives, if they are the people belonging to this cottage, and of course, I have an interest in their concerns."

This statement was pure invention. Mr. Sheraton Hyde had never taken a vestige of interest in his tenants' concerns before.

"You are the Squire, I suppose," said the girl, turning her face towards him, but without lifting her eyes to his face. "I have heard them speak of you."

It struck him that her accent was far more refined than that of the laborers' children in the village. She had not the look of a country girl; her face had a town pallor and there was a bluish shade round her beautiful gray eyes.

He surmised that his tenants' relations had probably lived in town, and that this fragile-looking girl was not accustomed to free country ways and to village life. His interest was aroused. There was a sort of shy pride in the way that she had answered him, which struck him as novel and amusing. The girl herself was as extraordinary as her violin playing.

He adopted a gentler tone with her at once. "I would rather hear about you from yourself than from your relations," he said. "I know something about music and I was struck by your playing when I heard it in the road. You must have been well taught."

The girl lifted her eyes with a sudden flash in their slumbering depths. Without knowing it, he had struck the one responsive chord in her nature, he had praised the teaching of the father whom she had lost—the father who had been all in all to her for the first twelve years of her life.

"He was a violinist," she said quickly. "He was in the orchestra at the Novelty Theater. He gave lessons, too, sometimes; he taught me all that I know."

"And he is dead, you say?"

A shadow came over the fair pale face, and her head dropped a little as she replied, "He died twelve months ago."

"She died when I was born."

"And how did you come here?" asked the Squire, more and more puzzled by the connection of a child of this parentage with the quiet little Surrey village where the very name of a theater was unknown.

"I am here with my aunt," the girl answered. "My mother was her sister and she has come to stay with her brother-in-law, who lives in this cottage."

"Oh," said the Squire with a gleam of returning recollection, "his name is Pawson, I believe. I remember. Then your name cannot be Pawson too?"

"No, they generally call me Marjory Pawson, because they say it is more convenient, but my real name is Moore."

"You are fond of your violin," said the Squire abruptly.

"I love it," she said, drawing it closer towards her as if it were a thing that could feel her tenderness. "But it is no use"—with a sudden lowering of her delicate eyebrows, "they won't let me practice, they say it is waste of time. Aunt Maria said yesterday that she would throw it into the fire. If she does, I will run away and never come back."

The child's face flushed as she spoke, her eyes blazed until their light was quenched in sudden tears, which she hastily strove to flick away unseen.

"They wouldn't let you play? What else do they want you to do?"

"They want me," said Marjory, with a rebellious pout which was yet something like a smile, "to be a dressmaker."

"Good heavens!" said the Squire. This was a state of things which appealed to his sympathies as perhaps nothing else in the world could have done. Every moment which he had been able to spare throughout his life from the exercise of his arduous profession had been devoted to music. He was painfully aware that he had neither executive nor creative talent, but he was nevertheless an ardent devotee.

One thing which he bitterly regretted was, that he had not been allowed in his boyhood to devote himself exclusively to the musical profession. It is very possible that if he had done so his whole life would have been a dead failure, for he was one of the many persons who were lovers of the art without the slightest capacity for it. As it was, he had become a very successful lawyer with a hobby which he could well afford to gratify, and he was probably all the happier for this turn of fortune. If there were one thing more than another which he liked to do, it was to encourage young and rising musicians. Several young pianists and violin players owed much of their name and fame to his liberality; on many other points he was close-fisted, but he could be generous enough where music was concerned. Was this an opportunity for him to exercise at once his love of patronage and his love of the violin?

He stood silent for a moment or two with his eyes fixed on the slim figure of the growing girl; angular at present in its contours, but with promise of future grace. He looked at her hands and wrists. The fingers were long and thin, the wrist was supple; it was the hand and arm of a musician born.

He girl's face, he thought, had power in it as well as beauty. Her brow was low and broad and somewhat full over the eyes. The mouth was determined, the chin square with a pretty cleft in it.

From the cottage at this moment came the sound of a shrill and angry voice.

"Marjory! Marjory! You come back to your work."

Then a woman's figure appeared in the doorway and some angry words fell upon the silent, sunny air.

"You lazy brat! You come back to your work this minute or I'll know the reason why. Not a bit of dinner shall you have until you've finished those seams. I'll break that nasty fiddle of yours to bits and use it for firewood this evening, see if I don't. Who are you talking to now, I should like to know?"

She came down the pathway as she spoke, her arms akimbo and her face aflame with indignation. She was a short, highly colored woman ("Looks as if she drank," said Sheraton Hyde to himself), with very rough hair and shabby black gown much adorned with needles, pins and ends of white cotton. When she caught sight of the gentleman she stopped for a moment and looked at him suspiciously. She was a stranger in the place and did not know her brother-in-law's landlord by sight. If she had known him she would perhaps have smothered her ruffled plumes before addressing him.

"If you have any business with me or with Mr. Pawson," she said with dignity, "you'd better come to the door, and not stand talking with that girl out in the garden and hindering her from her work. Marjory, you go back to the house directly this minute. There's Selina and Kate slaving their lives out and you wasting your time out here, you idle hussy! Now, sir, what can I do for you?"

The Squire looked at her keenly. He tried to see a resemblance between the girl and her mother's sister and wondered whether it were possible that in time Marjory should grow into any sort of likeness to this harsh-featured, sharp-eyed little woman whose sandy hair might once have possessed a touch of Marjory's gold. Involuntarily he shook his head. There was no likeness here. Marjory must have resembled her father, he thought, the dead violinist who had taught her to play.

The girl cast a quick glance of dislike and defiance towards her aunt, clutched her violin a little more tightly and then went slowly back to the cottage. Mrs. Pawson rubbed her hands on her white apron and looked sourly at the visitor who seemed to be taking his own time as to a reply.

"I am Pawson's landlord," said Mr. Hyde at length, in a very dry tone. "Is he at home?"

"No, sir, he is out," said Mrs. Pawson, at once recognizing the position of affairs and making a sort of mutilated courtesy. "I didn't know who 'twas that Marjory had got hold of," she added by way of excuse; "she's such a lazy, good-for-nothing girl that I thought she might have got into mischief, but, of course, I didn't know as it was you, sir, who was speaking to her. No, Pawson isn't in, sir, but he will be home to dinner at twelve o'clock and I can send him on to the house if you want to speak to him."

"You are his sister-in-law, are you not?"

"Yes, sir, I am, and lost my husband, which he was Levi's eldest brother, more than nine years ago. Since when me and my daughters has taken to the dressmaking and not made very much by it; it is my own fault, may be; seeing that I am too tender arted to press for bills when I can, and having taken my dead sister's daughter on my hands and all."

"That is your sister's daughter, is it?" said the Squire, trying to stem the flow of words.

"Yes, sir, a poor orphan girl with nobody to look to but me since her father died quite sudden like about a year ago, and Selina, which is my eldest, said to me that we might do without a sewing girl if we took Marjory, and the work she did would pay for her keep and it would be a good action too, and one that she ought to be grateful for, but bless your art, sir, she's more trouble than she's worth, that girl, and that I am to do with her is more than I can tell."

"I suppose she can't sew," said Mr. Hyde with grim humor; "not to be expected either of a girl who can play the fiddle in that way."

"Oat that fiddle, is what I often say to myself," observed Mrs. Pawson in a highly indignant tone, "for it's made the girl of no use to anyone, and what her father meant by teaching her to play it and letting her grow up so ignorant of everything else, I'm sure I do not know. It's likely to be her ruin in this world and the next," she concluded piously, though as far as the Squire could see, with no apparent reason for her words.

"But what have you come down here for?" was his next question. It was one which Mrs. Pawson must have resented if asked by anyone but the Squire, but she was a shrewd woman in her way and knew that he was all-powerful in the village. It behooved her therefore to enlist his sympathies on her side.

"In sure, sir, it's just kindness of art that brought me down. There's Levi as lost his wife six months ago, and has had nobody all this while to do any cleaning or cooking for him, let alone a woman who comes in for a hour on Saturdays, and him that miserable that when he wrote to me the other day I says to Selina, 'Let's go down and see if we can't cheer him up a bit and put his house tidy,' and since we've been here he's that pleased, he said to me yesterday, 'Maria,' said he, 'why should not you and the girls stay down here and set up your dressmaking in the village? I darsay you'd make a decent living,' said he, 'and you'd keep my place clean and tidy.'"

"I love it," she said, drawing it closer towards her as if it were a thing that could feel her tenderness. "But it is no use"—with a sudden lowering of her delicate eyebrows, "they won't let me practice, they say it is waste of time. Aunt Maria said yesterday that she would throw it into the fire. If she does, I will run away and never come back."

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"But there are too many of you for this little cottage," said the Squire.

"It is rather a squeeze and that I don't deny," said Mrs. Pawson, "but I was thinking as how one of the girls might be sent out to service; for there's Marjory, you see, without a bit of sense at needlework and more bother than she's worth, and with such a temper that there's no holding her sometimes, and will play that squeaky old fiddle of hers, whether or no."

"But, my good woman," said the Squire seriously, "don't you know that the girl plays exceptionally well? Don't you know that she has a talent, which, if properly cultivated, might lead her to independence and happiness, such as she will get in no other way; don't you know that?"

"All I know is," said Mrs. Pawson acidly, "that I wish that that fiddle was at the back of the kitchen fire, which is where it will be before long if Marjory don't look out. Did you want Levi Pawson, sir, or is it anything I can do?"

It evidently seemed to her to be a great waste of time to stand talking about Marjory's abilities or requirements.

The Squire pondered for a moment and then turned on his heel.

"No," he said, "there's nothing you can do, but I should like to see Pawson. Tell Pawson to come up to the house this evening, and by the way, he can bring Marjory and her violin, don't forget that. Good morning, Mrs. Pawson."

He strode away towards the garden gate, leaving Mrs. Pawson in a state of indignant amazement more easy to imagine than to describe.

CHAPTER II.

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was in a state of considerable irritation during his ride, or at any rate during that earlier portion of it before he heard Marjory's violin. As he returned to the hall, as his house was usually named, his irritation was partly forgotten in the prospect of a new protegee, and of the entertainment which he promised himself that evening. But with the evening itself, the cause of his irritation returned, and it was with a sense of growing displeasure that Mr. Hyde sat over the walnuts and wine that night, and looked from time to time, though without speaking, at the face of the silent, dark-browed, down-cast lad of seventeen, who faced him.

It was this youth, Felix Hyde, the Squire's nephew, who had been the cause of his irritation. Felix, he told himself, had disappointed him; he was the only son of Sheraton Hyde's younger brother, a man who had shared the Squire's love for music and musicians, and seemed to have bequeathed talent as well as taste to his son Felix. The boy had been left on Sheraton's hands from a very early age, as both parents had died within a few months of the child's birth. Quickly observing the boy's capabilities, Sheraton Hyde had resolved to make him all that he had failed to himself. The boy had an exquisite voice, and he was well taught, but from the very first he showed an invincible repugnance to becoming a professional musician. He rejoiced infinitely when his voice broke, and nothing more in the way of vocal performance could be expected of him, at least for a time. Therefore he declared determinedly, nothing should induce



"My life's worth more than a girl's," he said.

him to make music anything but a recreation; but Mr. Hyde had generally treated this determination as a bit of wilfulness and pure fancy on the part of Felix, and was sanguine enough to believe that the lad would bend to his wishes in the long run.

But Felix, now seventeen, showed no signs of yielding to his uncle's desires, but had come home from school for the Easter holidays, knowing well enough that the Squire wanted him to have done with ordinary schooling by the end of the summer term, and to be ready to proceed to Leipzig, or some other conservatoire, where he could get the musical training of which he was supposed to be in need. So far he had successfully resisted all attempts to make a musician, and nothing else, of him, but now the final choice of a profession would have to be made, and Felix was quite resolved against turning either his voice or his fingers into a source of a livelihood; and this was a sore disappointment to Sheraton Hyde, who was not mistaken in thinking now that the period of boyish roughness and hoarseness was over, that his nephew's voice would turn out to be a peculiarly fine baritone which, if properly cultivated, might make him a singer of some renown.

It was an odd fancy, this of Sheraton Hyde's. It was not an ambition usually entertained by British squires for their heirs. But there was another strain in Sheraton Hyde, beyond the mere love of respectability. There had been an Italian ancestress in the family, who seemed to have bequeathed something of her country's taste and talent to her descendants. She had left them her musical gifts, as surely as she had also bequeathed her dark eyes and keenly artistic temperament.

An angry discussion between uncle and nephew on the night preceding Mr. Hyde's discovery of the girl violinist in the village, had so far ruffled the tempers of both that they had scarcely met during the day, or spoken to each other during the meal at night; but after the servants had quitted the room, Mr. Hyde turned round to the boy and spoke.

"Well," he said in a somewhat harsh and grating voice, "have you anything to say to me to-day?"

"I don't think so," said Felix. His tone was almost sullen, and there was more determination than amiability in the countenance which he turned towards his uncle. He was not a handsome youth, although he had his good points. He was strongly built, tall and broad for his age; one could see that when the period of boyish awkwardness and lankiness was over, he would be a decidedly fine-looking man. A mass of jet-black hair, hanging rather low over his forehead, gave a certain heaviness to his face, and the deep-set eyes were just now, at any rate—wanting in the brilliancy needful to light up the rugged features. It was probable that Felix showed himself at his worst when in company with his uncle. He was always conscious of being a disappointment to the Squire, who wanted him to do what he had an aversion to doing, and would not credit him with ability to do anything else. Felix felt vaguely that his best powers were unrecognized by his uncle, and this feeling made him doubly awk-

ward and apparently sullen in Mr. Hyde's presence. But the Squire could never understand how it was that his nephew bore such an excellent character at school, nor how he should bring home an armful of prizes every year. It always seemed to him that the boy must have deluded his masters in some way, or gained those smartly bound volumes by a trick. Nevertheless, he was not conscious of any special unfairness towards his nephew. All that he knew was that Felix flatly refused the fame and fortune which fate was evidently ready to bestow upon him.

"You are quite resolved, then," said Mr. Hyde, "not to pursue the profession of music?"

"There is nothing I should dislike more," said Felix.

"It's a great pity, a great pity," said the Squire. "I am thinking there is something absolutely wicked in throwing away a talent that you possess. I am perfectly certain that you will regret it in after days."

"I don't see what there will be to regret," said Felix with a sudden flush upon his sallow cheeks, "even if I cared for the life, which I don't; there is no certainty that I should succeed; it is too late to take up any special instrument."

"That is your own fault," said the Squire dryly; "you would never practice."

"I am very glad I didn't," said Felix, grimly. "But I never wanted you to devote yourself to an instrument," said Mr. Hyde. There was almost a plaintive note in his voice as he proceeded. "I wanted you to sing, Felix; your voice is turning out exactly as I expected it to do. It is like your father's, and everyone said that he would have been famous if he had gone on the boards early enough."

"It is no use, sir," said Felix, less sullenly than before, and with something like a tremor in his voice, for the moment the old man began to plead instead of to argue or to urge, the boy's powers of resistance wavered a little. "I should hate it—hate the life. I mean, if I were ever so successful. There seems to me something absolutely disgusting in singing to crowds of idle people night after night. It is not a man's work. I want to be of some use in the world."

If there was a touch of priggishness in this speech, it might be forgiven him for the sake of the sincerity which inspired the words. But Sheraton Hyde saw as usual only the bad side of his nephew's resolves. He broke forth into bitter words concerning the ingratitude, the want of ambition, the laziness, which he said were the motives that actuated the boy in his refusal to think of the operatic stage.

"It is not idleness at any rate, and that you shall see," said Felix at last, rising to his feet in an excess of righteous indignation. "I have always worked hard as long as I was at school, and I mean to work hard at my profession when I have one. You will see for yourself then whether I am idle or not."

"And may I ask what profession you think of adopting?" said Mr. Hyde sarcastically. "I suppose you know that you are absolutely dependent on me, and that if I don't choose to support you, you will have nothing but your own exertions to rely upon."

"I can't help that," said Felix, standing erect upon the hearthrug and putting one hand on the mantelpiece as he spoke. "I would rather be a crossing-sweeper than a professional singer, and if you don't wish to do anything more for me, Uncle Sheraton, I must try to do something for myself; but I should like to be a doctor."

"A doctor!" echoed the Squire with infinite contempt. But the contempt in his voice was not in his heart. He was impressed in spite of himself with the seriousness and earnestness of the boy's manner, and Felix looked so tall, so strong, so manly, as he stood by the mantelpiece, with the light of his eyes shining and flickering over his dark face and stalwart form, that Mr. Hyde could not choose but think that the lad, after all, perhaps knew his own mind and had gauged his own powers better than his guardian could do. Therefore, angry as he was, he did not refuse to assist him or threaten to make him feel any effects of his displeasure; he only grumbled and complained in a way which Felix found very hard to bear.

"It is always the way," said the Squire, as he helped himself to a glass of old port and turned his eyes angrily away from the strong young figure by the fire-place. "I have seen instances of it a thousand times, and ought to have been prepared. It is never any use to expect a young fellow to give up his way for the sake of those who have brought him up. The young are always ungrateful, always obstinate. It is only what I have been told times without number, that to bring up a boy to any special line was the surest way of alienating him from it. If I had been in your place when I was a boy, I should have been thankful enough for the chances that you are throwing away."

"I am not ungrateful," said Felix shortly. He wished he could have said it more pleasantly; he wished also that he could have said that he was not obstinate. Unfortunately he knew that obstinacy was his besetting sin.

"I have never yet found a boy," said Mr. Hyde, "who came up to my expectations. It remains to be seen whether a girl would answer better."

"A girl!" said Felix vaguely; his mind flew at once to the thought of a girl cousin of his, a certain Helen Drummond, who did not live very far off. Was Uncle Sheraton about to induce her to enter the musical profession? Felix could have laughed at the very idea. Helen was not musical. But the Squire had not Helen Drummond in his mind at all.

At this moment the butler entered the room and advanced to his master's side.

"A man from the village, sir, Pawson by name, and a little girl, is here wanting to see you. They say you told them to come up to-night."

Felix turned to the fire with a feeling of relief. The discussion must be ended now, if his uncle had to transact business, and he would be free to steal away to his books. But he had reckoned without his host. His uncle's next words filled him with surprise.

"Take Pawson and the girl into the music-room, Felix, you can come too; it is something I want you to hear."

"A village genius, I suppose," thought Felix to himself rather wearily. "Somebody who perhaps will turn out better than I have done."

and there was something humorous in the smile that came to his lips at the thought.

The music-room was the Squire's favorite apartment. He had built it himself—a long, high-ceilinged room, with polished floors and walls tenderly colored in sea-green, with ivory white medallions by way of ornament. The windows were screened with hangings of sea-green silk, but there was a minimum of drapery in the room, as Mr. Hyde disliked anything that was likely to muffle or obstruct the sound of his musical instruments. To English eyes, therefore, the room looked a little bare; but there was a satisfaction to a music-lover in the sight of the grand piano, with its dark polished cover and ivory keys, which stood almost in the center of the room and formed its most prominent article of furniture.

Felix shivered a little as he entered the music-room; it always seemed to him a cold place, without endearing associations. Any love of music which had existed in him had been almost crushed out of his nature by persistent forcing. He sometimes said to himself that he never wanted to hear another note, but in this he did himself an injustice, as he found in later years.

He looked curiously at the two figures, whom he found huddled rather forlornly together in the center of the bare, well lighted room. There was no fire, but all the lamps were lighted, and the radiance struck Felix as excessive and unsympathetic. The servant had forgotten to draw the curtains of one of the large windows, and the dark outlines of the shrubbery could be dimly seen through the large, clear panes. Felix moved toward this window, and looked out into the night. He paid very little attention to the visitors from the village; he did not imagine that he was likely to take much interest in their affairs.

His uncle came into the room. Some conversation went on between Pawson and the Squire, but it must be confessed that Felix did not hear a word that was said. His heart was heavy and sore within him. He knew that he had been treated with injustice, and he was might carry him. It was quite possible that by not yet certain how far his uncle's injustice refusing the profession his uncle chose, he had thrown away all his chances of worldly prosperity, as far, at least, as his uncle's property was concerned. Therefore, it was very likely that he could listen to what was going on. He was almost too angry and too dispirited to care.

Presently, however, the notes of a violin fell upon his ear. So that was why these village people had been asked to come to the house. This was some protegee of his uncle's, some new discovery of genius that he had made. In his present state of mind, Felix found the music almost intolerable. He would have given anything to get away, but if he went he knew he would offend his uncle more bitterly than ever, and therefore he governed his restlessness as well as he could. In a very few minutes he was able to listen with some distinct understanding to what was going on.

But what did this mean? Why had his uncle summoned from the village any person who played so execrably? The violin was out of tune, the player was uncertain and inaccurate. Felix had a delicate ear, and the screech of an out-of-tune fiddle was almost too much for him. He turned round in spite of himself, and saw for the first time that it was the little girl who was playing. Even as he moved the performance came to a climax in an ear-piercing squeak of the bow, which was almost unbearable to musical ears.

Mr. Hyde was the picture of despair. And then Marjory dashed down her violin and burst into tears.

"I can't play here one bit," she sobbed. "It's all too tight, too bright; I can play better, oh, so much better, by myself."

(To be Continued.)

The Sparham Case.

KEMPVILLE, July 24.—Much interest is felt by residents of this place in the case of Mr. W. F. Sparham of Ottawa, to whom reference was made in an Ottawa despatch a few days ago, as a sufferer delivered from kidney disease by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Sparham was born and brought up here, and is well known and universally popular. His friends here had heard of his illness and his failure to obtain relief from all the medicines he tried before taking the pills. Their wonderful effect in his case will make him a remedy more popular in this vicinity, for all now are fully aware of its good properties.

All After Them.

Rounder—These *fin de siècle* times are too much for me. I used to think it bad enough when I caught my little brother smoking my cigarettes.

Sounder—What's the matter now?

Rounder—Why, I have to hide them from my little sister now.

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Dr. T. C. Smith, Charlotte, N. C., says: "It is an invaluable nerve tonic, a delightful beverage, and one of the best restorers when the energies flag and the spirits droop."

Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless a different arrangement is specified. Correspondents must not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

BETH.—This is rather an unformed hand, and would not give a satisfactory delineation. Thanks for kind wishes.

LOUIS.—Your writing is good, but a hand not sufficiently formed to do your justice. It shows energy, sympathy, tact, decision and care. I think it will in time be a fine specimen.

LIZ.—You are persevering, careful, rather despondent, sociable, frank and somewhat sympathetic. Hand lacks firmness and is a very good study, but has no objectionable traits. Study effort and style.

DORNE.—Sympathy, amiability, some constancy of effort, a generous and forgiving spirit, idealism and imagination, an impulsive and warm heart, some taste, caution and rather a refined mind are shown.

M. M. T.—You are humorous, neat, bright and original, with some sympathy, excellent temper, generosity, perseverance, sense of beauty and tact. A woman able to coax a hen off her nest, with your insinuating and persuading ways.

GEORGE H.—I going by the early boat you have several hours at the Falls. The fare by the electric road is about half a dollar for the return trip. It is very pleasant. All round Queenston is historic ground and could not fail to interest you as you are such an enthusiastic Canadian.

BROWN.—You are a marked idealist, with some humor, slight ambition, good temper and much self-respect. You are rather conservative in your ways and ideas, a little bit of yourself, and of a decidedly conventional turn of mind. You do not waste effort, affection or thought on the general public.

SHILAX.—I like your idea of originality. I especially refuse to delineate quotations. If you cannot accomplish a note of six lines I cannot give you a delineation. From your few original words I gather you the following: self-assertion and love of effort, a despondent turn of mind, love of social intercourse, conservatism and some idealism.

V. C. J.—You are generous, amiable and somewhat

adaptable, persevering in effort, discreet in speech, while frank and truthful. Honor and affection are strong and care marked. You are no courtier, but are to be liked for your good sense and honesty. Ambition, vivacity and enterprise are a little lacking. I think one might safely rely on you.

HUMBER.—This study shows excellent judgment, good sequence of ideas, some wit and taste, decided good temper, a generous mind and some impulsiveness and warmth of feeling, but not at all a sentimental tendency. Writer is controlled, and while fond of society not apt to take a leading part therein. An excessive perseverance often gains his ends.

LORNA DOWNE.—So you are one of a bevy. I fancy I have lit on you all at once, for the last four or five studies have been of a decidedly girly type. You are a good-natured, merry and helpful creature, cautious even while playing tricks, careful and somewhat fond of approbation. You are very honest, truthful and conscientious, and you, like your friends, the rest of the bevy, will improve with age.

OLD SHINERS AND IVY No. 1.—Constant effort, decided ability, ambition, wit and vivacity are shown. This writing could not belong to a stupid person, though it might to a scapegrace. Writer is eloquent, loving, buoyant and original, and has probably decided musical or artistic ability, possibly the former for choice. A little tenacity and self-assertion are not to the least unbecoming in this clever person.

ANORA.—You are impressionable, rather tenacious and prejudiced in opinion, with an erratic will, sometimes easily influenced and sometimes very obstinate. You are neither buoyant nor vivacious, rather affectionate and trustful, very truthful and with rather high ideals; not very apt to have your own way, but not particularly wishing for independence. Your judgment is faulty, but you wish to be just.

MONA.—You are rather a scold study, but probably a volume would not give more satisfaction. Your character will stand a good deal of forming, as your lines betray some inexpressiveness. You are rather matter-of-fact, quiet and observant, lacking life and vivacity. You are truthful, careful in speech and very honest and conscientious; a little given to adore your friends, but not markedly sympathetic. Time will improve you, Mona.

OLD SHINERS AND IVY No. 2.—You are decidedly fond of fun with a good, sustained effort, some conceit, adaptability, much imagination and a little lack of concentration and repose. Your affection is constant, disposition sociable, and some little willfulness and inconstancy are charmingly apparent. With these studies are interesting and far above the average. I fancy they are very likable people, and that the order of their coming might be reversed and truer.

CRANK.—Your letter is quite a relief after several severely proper studies. I had another correspondent of your name whose delineation I trust you did not appropriate. Now far your very speaking chirography. You love your own way and stick to it, are very canny, while apparently indifferent, mercurial in temperament, warm in affection, bright and vivacious in manner, very decided in likes and dislikes, with enterprise and energy to accomplish great things, some ambition, and are a decidedly stirring person generally. You are lacking in repose and concentration.

GENE.—1. Phenology is certainly not exploded, though it is not a moving power, nor does one hear much of it. 2. It depends on the aim of her education, and the type of girl she is. Many a girl really gets better value from the curriculum of a ladies' college than she would from a university course, even were she fitted to take the latter. The university student, however, should stand higher intellectually. 3. Your writing shows an original and rather bright mind. You are refined, generous and easy-tempered, hopeful, very adaptable, rather quick and energetic, discreet, but not very reticent, persevering and somewhat imaginative, with some peculiar opinions.

BELL.—1. I can give you a dozen. 2. I don't see why Monday should oppress you, nor why you connect it with the wash tub. If that association of ideas spoils the day for you, send your laundry man word to call on Tuesdays. I hate to hear people saying they feel dull, as if it were of no consequence. It is a hateful feeling and no credit to anyone. Try and brighten yourself up, for goodness' sake. Take it altogether, your idea of Sunday, when you must feel spiritual, and Monday when you come, really feel dull, and the rest of the week when you can enjoy yourself, and you give a very low notion of life. Your writing shows much self-assertion and rather a strong will, much capacity for affection, love of ease and comfort. A little self-doubt, a tendency to take life discontentedly and a nature rather animal than spiritual. There is no doubt a fine character possible out of your various traits, but you are not trying to make the best of your material. Try and forget yourself, occupy your mind with bright and energetic plans and turn your talents to their best account.

WADDIE.—I ride a Raglan bicycle, and though the new wheels are certainly lighter than mine, and there are improvements being added every day, I dare say you will find the one you mention modern enough. The Raglan wears well, so does the Rudge; the lightest wheel isn't necessarily the best. The very lightest I ever rode was a Columbia, in Chicago, last May. It has a very comfortable saddle. In mounting your wheel don't be in a hurry. See that your skirt hangs even and that you are not treading

on it with your mounting foot. Don't learn to mount from the curbs. Curbs don't grow on country roads. For a nice little ride, such as you could take, go over the Sherbourne street bridge to the end of North Sherbourne street, turn to the left, then to the right and follow the road to Roxborough avenue, then to Yonge street, down Yonge to Waverley, and so home. That is far enough for you just now. I should be very pleased to go with you, and hope you will let me know if you are left alone. Miss Barber, 3 King street east, can make you a properly out cycling corselet dress. Go and talk to her about it.

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"Saturday Night" Out of Town.

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A Mosquito Story.

"SKEETERS seems to be getting more nimble than they use to be, and kinder seem to hev less of their valiant time to waste in standin' from under than they did when times wasn't so hard," groaned Uncle Harper to his godson, the law student, who had been watching with interest the old man miss a mosquito and hit an incipient bull, the exact locality of which he had temporarily forgotten, and with which, under other and happier circumstances, he had had no intention of interfering for several days.

"They seem to hev kinder got the science of elastic-tricity down so blasted fine lately that a feller hes got ter be a fust-class curve pitcher with considerable judgment to hit 'em at all, and even then they generally gits their base on balls," added the old man with a sigh.

The law student suggested that the old man's hand from constant use had worn down smaller than it had been in auld lang syne, and that although his aim might still be true and his intention good the missile didn't cover enough ground to unduly crowd the educated insect, who had doubtless made his calculations beforehand, and knowing the exact distance to be traveled had squared the parallax of the perpendicular with the horizontal circumference of the diameter and had resolved his mathematical conclusions down to the somewhat simple formula of

X - Y - hey - presto - git.

The old chap, although rather mystified by his godson's astronomical contortions, was evidently pleased at the implied compliment as to the size of his hands.

"Eh, lad!" he said with an asthmatic cough, "I'm getting old. If I was only as young and lusty as I used ter be, I'd borrow one of your feet fer half an hour or so and exterminate the pesky critters. I cud do it too now, you bet, fer I used ter think nothing uv jugglin' with four hundred pound hogs when we was a-loadin' them on the sleigh to take ter market years ago. Uv course you understand the hogs was dead and couldn't hev themselves, which might make a difference," added the old man with a chuckle.

The law student being naturally somewhat shocked at his godfather's vulgarity, intimated his opinion that he occasionally juggled with facts as well as hogs.

"Now don't you be getting saucy, young feller; but listen an' I'll tell ye of somethin' in the skeeter line that happened to me oncet," said the old man as he patted the youth affectionately between the shoulders with his foot, and gathered himself together for a sneeze, after which he commenced:

"It was 'way back in the sixties, before you was born, that I took up land in Muskoka, built a shanty and commenced to uncover the rock. The site was purty stiff, bein' princerpally quartz, and you bet the crops was hard to raise, but when they was raised they was harder still. I planted half an acre of peas and half an acre of Injun corn the second year I was there; id better out of them two cereals than you would imagine, fer the spot I selected was a limestone surface with a subsoil of mixed felspar and quartz. The result was that when the peas ripened along in the fall, I sold them by the gross for marbles, and marbles was a good price them days before the pool rooms.

"As fer the Injun corn, I'll be jod blisted if a feller didn't buy the whole crop fer \$5,000 and peddle it round all over the country to be used for false teeth at \$5 a set. I lost dern near all I made, however, a-tryin' experiments with different things, such as fertilizin' one patch with oyster shells, with the intention of a-raisin' a crop of pearls, which didn't pan out worth a cent. I also planted a lot of choice epitaphs on a quarter of an acre of granite that was on the farm, thinkin' to raise tombstones, but there happened to be too much loose sand suitable fer making glass on it, and they came up memorial winders, which all got broke in a hail-storm—bust to goon with the skeeter yarn:

"The skeeters in that section in them days was in great plenty and large, in fact so large was they, and required so much nourishment, that they had the whole dern country divided up into sections with an average of one big buck skeeter to every hundred acres. The feller that had charge of my section was a dandy fer size, but a little slow. Fer all that I had my work cut out fer me a-dodgin' of him in the day time, and you kin bet I kept my shutters up o' nights. After a while he either killed or scared away every livin' thing on the section, which was a broken front water lot facin' on Lake Joseph and not very prolific in animals. After he had cleaned out even the last skunk, he tried every dodge in his repertoire to git a bite out of me, but your old godfather is no slouch, you bet, and kin git when he has to. Between the exercise I give him

a chasin' of me and the agony of mind at seein' me lookin' so plump, he got so thin that I kinder felt sorry fer him at times.

"I used ter do a good deal of quiet fishin' on hot days and had a big green umbrreller to keep off the sun. When sittin' comfortably under the umbrreller I often used ter see him a-hoverin' round, watchin' me close and lookin' kinder anxious like, and my heart went out to the poor, half-starved critter with a kinder friendly feelin', fer the expression in his eye reminded me somewhat uv the girl I left behind me.

"Well, I'll be jiggered if the knowin' bug didn't size up my feelin's, and by degrees we began ter git kinder sociable like, until one day when I was a-sittin' on a log fishin' away, danged if he didn't come up quite close ter me and drop somethin' on the log, and what do ye s'pose it was? So help me, Jimmy Johnson, it was a willer twig.

"I sot there fer a while puzzlin' myself, a-wonderin' what the cunnin' bird was a-drivin' at with his antics, when suddenly the idea struck me that he meant it fer the Olive Branch of Peace. Now, yer godfather was an easy-goin' chap in them days and disposed to be neighborly. So, to find out if my guess was correct, I looked him straight in the eye with a kind of simple grin and crooked my little finger at him enticin' like.

"Well, sir, would you believe it, he come right down from the dead limb he was perched on, and squat right down beside me under the umbrreller. I says, sorter solemn like, 'My peace I give unto yer,' and he winked the other eye.

"He was a kinder ugly mate and cross-eyed, but I soon found that he had a good heart, fer by degrees he snuggled up quite close and affectionate like, and it would make a hog laff to listen to that reptile a-singin' 'Comrades to me in a scootin' buzz, with one of his eyes in periphery and t'other one in perihellion.

"In fact, he was so blamed affectionate that I began to think he had designs on my heart, and kinder began ter git shy and distant, but I soon found out it was the fish he was after, fer



just then I happened to hook a big bass, Well, sir, just as soon as I landed that fish he winked at me kinder knowin' like and stuck his bill in just behind its back fin and sucked away fer dear life.

"He was a wise old feller that, and knowed a thing or two, and he and your old godfather had many a good fish after that. When I finally left Muskoka a year after it would have moved a heart of stone to have seen the poor critter a-sobbin' on my breast."

Uncle Harper here wiped a tear out of his eye and paused for a moment, then continued: "I left him my rod and tackle and showed him how to angle, as well as I could, besides warnin' him against fish stories, but have never heard from him since. I fear greatly, however, that the cruel separation killed him, fer he was very tender-hearted fer a skeeter and I was young and handsome them days."

Here the old man sighed deeply, quite overcome with the thoughts of other days and half remembered things, and the youthful law student silently withdrew out of respect for his venerable godfather's feelings. G. J. A.

On Lightermen

DOWN in the south of this green isle of the sea there is a little city with a big quay, the greatest boast of whose inhabitants as regards its past history consists of quoting the motto which adorns its arms. This motto is, *Urbs intacta manet*. The city is situated beside a very beautiful river a few miles from the sea, and can be approached at any tide by large vessels. Although the shipping is not what it is said to have been in former years, yet it is considerable now. At all times through the day the quay is a bustling place. Steamers arrive and depart, cargo vessels are coming up helped by the tide and wind or perhaps by a tug, puffing and beating the water impatiently with their wheels. Last, but not least, many lighters ply hither and thither carrying miscellaneous cargo. The whole scene is an ever-changing panorama. So much to give you an idea of the city where I gained nearly all my experience of lightermen. The stories I am about to tell have not all passed under my own observation, but nevertheless from what I have seen of this genus of sailor I will vouch for the truth of all. I say this much in preface because I have heard men tell "lightermen" stories by the hour over their bottles of "bass," of an evening, and I assure you "fish" stories couldn't hold a candle to them.

I am not sure that I was quite right in classing lightermen as a species of sailor, for they have, like all Irishmen, innate in them a "love of the land." It is told that an Irish bargeman whose craft (not exactly a lighter) usually plied between Ross and the "untouched city," happened while in the latter place to get a chance of a cargo of oats to take around the coast to Wexford. This was a godsend and he at once informed his crew of his good luck. "I won't go wid yiz," said one. "An' it's meself as won't go either," said the other, shaking his head. The captain asked "Why," and the answer he got was, "Bekus we didn't ship fur furrin service." And they didn't go; the captain had to ship two regular sailors.

The crew of a lighter consists of three men, the captain and two men to handle the sweeps.

The captain stands aft and steers the craft. His manner of issuing his orders is somewhat in this fashion: "All hands on deck; come up the both o' yez."

Now lightermen are the butt for all kinds of jokes, and these jokes are participated in by all classes from the "gammin' up. The "wharf rats," as the youthful devotees of the quay are called, are the lightermen's worst pests. These youngsters will throw a stone with as much certainty of hitting an object as an experienced Australasian aborigine will a boomerang. They will lie in wait behind a heap of merchandise, and woe be to the guileless lighterman returning across the quay of a morning with his day's supply of milk in a soda-water bottle, which he carries by a string about the neck of it. If the boy doesn't hit the bottle he hits the string or the lighterman's leg, which is just as good from his point of view. The bottle is usually dropped and broken on the flags, and it would be a lighterman of winged feet who would catch a "wharf rat."

Another method of pestering the lightermen adopted by these little imps is to ensconce themselves behind the friendly parapets of a bridge and quietly ply the captains as their crafts slowly pass beneath with such questions as, "Are yez goin' furrin?" "Yez wouldn't bring me back a monkey, wud yez?" etc.

Strong and mighty men are these navigators of the Suir, Nore and Barrow. In the last general election the McCarthyites brought up a squad of them to Waterford to ensure their speakers a hearing and to intimidate Ballybricean's noble army of pig buyers, who are to a man rank Parnellites. It is recorded that upon that day the batons of the constabulary had no more effect upon their heads and chests than if they had been loaded with straw instead of lead, and I have been told by many of the constabulary that they did their duty that day in fear and trembling.

One would not think to look at these giant lightermen that their every-day diet consisted of potatoes, and on Sunday of pig's head and potatoes. Now, there is no one, and especially no Irishman, who relishes having to acknowledge such a diet. Another fact relating to the story I am about to tell is that, like most men of small vocabularies, they waste no words. Now, I had often heard that if a lighterman wanted to ask his companions below decks whether the potatoes were boiled, he would call down the hole in the deck simply the words, "Are they?" This I wished to verify, so when one night in January I happened to be crossing an infamous toll bridge which crosses the Suir, and happening to look over the parapets I found that I was directly over a lighter, from the hole in the deck of which the steam from the potato-pot rose into the night air in a regular cloud, I leaned over and yelled down, assuming as nearly the brogue as possible, "Are they? Are they now?" I found the story correct in every particular. The words had hardly left my lips when out of that hole in the deck shot the upper half of a giant lighterman. He had the head of a prize-fighter, and there was fight in his eyes. I'll never forget his neck and shoulders and his brawny chest with its forest of hair. I need not tell you what realms he told me to visit, and as I didn't wait for a practical demonstration of all or any of the things he said he would do to me, I have nothing further to say except that had I waited I would not have been able to write what I have.

Tipperary, Ire. HARRY A. BROWN.

Love Is Stronger Than Death

A TALL, manly young fellow with beautiful flaxen hair clustering around a forehead of snowy whiteness, sits for a long time gazing out of the window before him at the sky, the beautiful forest in the distance and the vast body of water glittering and sparkling in the brightness of the sun and dancing and rippling far away to the horizon. Birds are twittering merrily amongst the great trees awaying to and fro in the park beneath, and all nature seems blithe and happy. After some moments of silent contemplation, Tom Fulford, for he is who sits there, murmurs softly to himself, "Mother, why do you leave me here to pine alone? Have I committed a crime and am I imprisoned? And you have forsaken me, mother, because I fell. I cannot remember what the crime was, but I am imprisoned, for yonder are bars at the window and bolts in the door." A horrible mystified feeling creeps over him and he concludes that he is in the space between life and death. He tries to be calm and kneeling down with clasped hands, as he had often done at a sainted mother's knee in happy days of childhood, he prays in agonizing tones while tears are streaming down his cheeks, "Maker of humanity! If I have done wrong forgive me and restore me to my friends." He rises and stands for a long, long time wrapt in thought. Meanwhile anxious eyes are upon him and hardly does the woman who is watching breathe.

She recalls that memorable day on which she last saw him look as he does now. Yes, the day he went forth joyous and happy to the little church on the hill to meet Lily Ray, the girl he loved and the girl he was to make his wife. "I stood there to witness the ceremony although he never dreamed I should, for we had parted years ago, but I still loved him although I knew he cared naught for me. As I stood there, turned to stone, thinking of my future cheerless life and watching for my love to appear, only to be snatched away from me for ever, I heard wild cries and saw those standing in the porch of the old church passing and re-passing. I thought—oh, can he be dead? I rushed out and learned that the girl he loved had been deceitful and at the last moment had sent him a sarcastic letter saying she was gone with another and had never loved him. I then saw the only man I ever loved chained and carried away, violently mad. What wonder that I followed him and became a nurse in an insane asylum to care for him, and now his right mind may yet be restored and he may yet love me." As these thoughts are flitting through her mind she again sees that fearful light gleam in his eyes.

He starts up wildly and says: "Yes, I remember. You deceived me, Lily. I remember all now. You deceived me and I went mad."

I love you still and I will not live without you. I feel that terrible pain again. I cannot bear it." So saying he grasped his throat with his two hands and only the keepers could prevent him from destroying himself. Tom Fulford is again a maniac. And now the hopes of the woman who left home, friends, riches and all the comforts of life to care for the man she loved through worse than death, are dashed to the ground, and once again she turns to a life full of pain and weariness, for these were but the sane moments of an insane man. She lingers near him until an untimely death carries him beyond her care, but not beyond her love, for love is stronger than death.

LILLIAN.

Thoughts.

CYNICS say that our virtues are only vices in disguise. Then those who have been canonized as saints, have got the laugh on those who have been executed as criminals.

A looking-glass and a well developed bump of self-esteem are very important ingredients in that mixture called happiness.

The young man of romantic appearance, who quotes poetry, may perhaps monopolize the pretty girl during a moonlight excursion, but it is the plain, stocky, pigeon toed man with the fat bank account who places the ring on her finger and calls her his life.

If man is but the creature of circumstances and the slave of moods and passions, then preachers are engaged in an occupation about as useful as wheeling smoke in a barrow.

Under the incentive of passion a fool may perchance develop into a clever man; more frequently a clever man is turned into a fool. To stir a person up, ridicule his tastes. Don't trouble yourself about his opinions; half the time he has not got any, the other half they don't belong to him.

Philosophy triumphs easily over the troubles that are past and those that are to come; somehow it melts away before the misfortune that is at hand.

Society winks at offences against morality and honesty, but promptly casts out the person who commits a breach of respectability.

What we consider a noble attribute in ourselves generally becomes a vice in our eyes when possessed by another.

Our petty vices become lurid crimes when they are the possession of others.

After all, the miser is a higher type than the hypocrite. The former worships a calf of gold, which is at least genuine and true, while the latter worships self, which in his case is a calf of false, deceptive mica. D. G.

Portuguese Proverbs

Everything white isn't flour.
Four eyes see more than two.
A man is known by his laugh.
Love is work, not sweet words.
A wrong confessed is half forgiven.
You can't make a dart of a pig's tail.
A scalded cat is afraid of cold water.
The love of a boy is water in a basket.
If I spit at the sky it falls in my face.
God writes straight with crooked lines.
The earth covers the physicians' mistakes.
Adversity will disclose your false friends.
The friend of everybody is nobody's friend.
Take your friend to be loyal and he will be.
God sends the cold according to the clothes.
Women and glassware are always in danger.
Fortune gives her hand to a courageous man.
Of women and sardines, take the little ones.
If you want to marry well, marry your equal.
Oil, wine and friendship—the oldest is the best.
One day's fast means three bad days for bread.
The stewpen that boils much wastes the flavor.
To be good to rascals is to pour water into the sea.
Women and children should retire when the sun does.
Talk little and well, and you will be taken for somebody.
He is twice a fool who does wrong and then talks about it.
In the blind men's country the one-eyed man is the king.
He who travels by short cuts is always getting into scrapes.
Between the plate and the mouth the soup is often spilled.
He who waits for a dead man's shoes will go barefoot all his life.
Of keeping quiet one never repents, of talking he always does.
There is no more dangerous water than that which makes no noise.
He who has neither mother-in-law nor sister-in-law is well married.
Everyone sings according to his ability and marries according to his luck.
He who stumbles twice over the same stone is not far from breaking his head.
He who gets into war, the chase, or in love, will not get out of it just when he pleases.
Three things ruin a man; to know little and talk much, to have little and spend much, and to be worth little and presume much.—*Philadelphia Call*.

The Reward of Wickedness.

"I never robbed a man but once," said the honest tramp, "and then I was starving. He would not give me a penny, and I couldn't stand the gnawings in my stomach any longer. So I knocked him down and went through his pockets. What kind of a haul did I make? Just one little bottle which read on the label—'Pepsin; for that full feeling after eating.'"

Would Make a Sphinx Talk.

He—Miss Hastings is the only society girl I know who can draw out literary men to talk about their own work in a drawing-room.

She—She isn't literary herself either.

He—No. She does it by attributing misquotations from their books to classic authors.

He Wanted to Know.

Bingo—So you have been fishing again on Sunday, have you? I'll teach you (whack) to desecrate the Sabbath—(whack, whack)—bath day (whack, whack).

Bingo (singing)—I couldn't help it, pa. I found a dandy new place, where I couldn't haul 'em fast enough.

Bingo (pausing)—You did, eh? Where is it?

To F. M. F.

For Saturday Night.
Away above by the glassy lake on a heavenly starlit strand,
Two crystal urns of beauteous make and large proportion stand;
The one is filled with dust of earth, the other with golden sand;
From the one worms of earth are made; from the other, the angel band.
The intention was one day to make a maid of earth's complexion,
And as our earthly maidens go, of very good selection;
But an angel there in a festive mood, a heavenly sort of trickster,
Had mixed the bowls of different moulds and you're the pretty mixture!
Half of heaven, half of earth, a most enchanting picture.
O then great tumult rent the sky—this weighty problem filled each mind,
Should you through heaven's precincts soar, or be to earth consigned.
But after weighing this and that, and many weighty things,
Your lot fell down to earth, poor girl, because you hadn't wings.
Alas! the festive angel scam (O teary dewdrops, wet my eyes)
Was sent to hell for thirty days for making earth a paradise.
W. H. T.

White Butterflies.

For Saturday Night.
Silvery, slenderly,
Up from the lawn,
See them tenderly,
Silently dander,
Swirling and clinging—
Ecstasies swinging—
White as the flakes of the hyemal dawa;
Dipping and rising and melting away—
What if they die at the shut of the day!
Now they are veering
Under the phlox,
Out again, nearing
The hollyhocks—
What if they dash,
With insidious crash,
To death on the lines of the merciless rocks!
Their wooing and winging, most cease anyway,
With the wind and the light at the shut of the day.
Sweet, let us blend with them,
Sweet, let us seem
Dimly to end with them,
Motes in the gleam
Of the infinite sun,
But never undone!
Love shall not end in this mystical dream,
Love that is wearied of summer and play
When death shall forever the portals of day.
JOS. NAVIN DOYLE.

Anita

For Saturday Night.
Ivory cheek and eyes of velvet,
Blood-red lips and teeth of pearl,
I'm her lover, who could help it?
Such a one would be a churl.
Waving fan and glowing glances,
Weaving round me such a spell!
How her charms my soul entrances
No one, not myself could tell.
And the lace of her anastilla
How it trips the rare anastilla
As she trips the rare anastilla
To the click of castanets.
As she poles there fantastic
On the tips of dainty feet,
How the curves of form exotic
My enamored senses greet!
And the mandolin's soft music
As her fingers touch the frets;
My bliss becomes ecstatic
While we puff our cigarettes.
JUAN NAYOR.

Hell Playin' Out.

Hell's playin' out! No matter what the preacher folk may say.
'At's tryin' far to keep it hot, it's fadin' ever' day.
The place where sinners sizzled in the tortures o' the damned,
Has kinder been made over like and sorter cooled and calmed.
The pis o' burnin' sulphur over which they utter shake
A feller ever' Sunday no'er keep him wide awake,
An' the awful smell o' brimstone an' the imps 'at shrieked 'th glee,
They ain't one half so terrible at what they utter be.
Some people say it isn't right to let the fire die;
They'd rather keep 'em goin' just to hear the sinners cry;
'What good is heaven goin' ter prove,' they ask 'fer me an' you,
If ever'body else gits in ter share the glory too?
I'd rather 'at the Lord 'ud save us all among the blest,
Ner damn a soul, net even his who wants ter damn the rest.
I'm glad the fire's playin' out, jest awful glad, and yit,
I s'pose fer souls 'at want a hell, that's what they utter rit.
—*Peck a Sun*.

Nothing New.

The spider weaves his saucy web,
Quick each false step restraining,
He's weaving on, and weaving on—
Fast in and out his swift thread goes
From more till night, from night till morn,
And why so fast—the whole world knows
That old, old web he's weaving.
The drowsy bee on limber perch
Is all day droning, swinging,
As up and down, and down and up,
He sings and hums, and hums and sings,
As sipping from a rose-leaf cup,
He swings and sips, and sips and swings,
That old, old tune he's singing.
Two lovers sit beneath the tree—
Oh happy, happy meeting,
What do they say? Oh dear—my fair,
Tis nothing new, no, nothing new,
O, peach-bloom cheek and golden hair—
Just "I love you," sweet "I love you,"
The old, old tale repeating.
BETTYE GARLAND in *Golden's Magazine*.

The Dream-Ship.

A blue and golden ocean, a blue and golden sky,
A ship with white sails filling as the summer breeze blow by,
A ship that is laden with pleasures, with hopes that are
Whisked and fond,
That sails from the port of Nowhere and is bound for the
great Beyond.
On board are lovely women and noble and clever men,
Who never before were together and never will meet again.
Their faces fade and alter with the thoughts of him who
beholds,
As the pennon at the mast head is shifting its airy folds;
But in their midst, more distinctly, are ever visible two,—
A man who, for once, is happy—a woman, for once, who's
true.
An afternoon stolen from Lotoe-Land this radiant voyage
might seem,
But the ship and the man and the woman are but part of
a waking dream.
—M. H. G. in *Lippincott's*.

Between You and Me.

DID you ever go out recklessly and buy fly-paper? I mean from that grim-faced man who drones out his discordant doggerel verses about "Fly-paper-fly." First you find it is hard to get asunder (the paper, not the doggerel), and then when it is spread out and you lay it on the table by the window, do the flies rush over and sit down on it? By no means. For a long time the paper might proudly remark: "There are no flies on me!" Then the wind takes it in hand and with a sudden whiff, as much as to say, "Oh, get away, you can't catch flies," whisks the paper on end and lands it on your neatly coiffured hair, whereon you grasp it with startled fingers and fix it as firmly as glue and sugar will stick. It comes off in strips and takes a full hour in the coming. And meantime the flies enjoy the joke, and you are minus five cents and a good temper.

"Women are getting very bad-tempered, anyway," says the comrade who reads that last sentence over my shoulder. "You can't get along with some of them at all. I know a very amiable mother whose two daughters are the most snappish and unreasonable women I ever met. How do you account for it? Is it woman's rights or the electric era, or what rouses all their sharp points?" Well, perhaps it is the hurry and the unrest, and the fact that the daughters are single, while at their age the mother had them trotting at her side. Who knows, who cares, why people are disagreeable? Presumably they can give some excuse for being so, but I would not listen to it. Make amiability and graciousness the *sine qua non* and no excuse for their opposites. You and I know people, here and there, who are, so to speak, privileged to be bad-tempered. One meets them in aversion and mortal terror, toadies to them, and congratulates oneself if one gets away in safety. They have will-power and determine to act just as they please and make us submit; and we do. You know whom I mean, though you and I never mention names. Why? We are too arrant cowards!

Talking of will-power, have you noticed how many stories, sketches and plots nowadays harp on this mysterious power of mind over mind? This month it has been remarkable in magazine stories, several of which have dealt with mental telegraphy, hypnotism and such like. Hospitals are being opened for the mentally weak, who are yet not wholly irresponsible, and mind-cures are gravely studied and wondrous results are prophesied from the influence one strong, healthy, cultured mind can exert over half a hundred semi-palsied ones. What a strange case was that of the admiral of the fleet, who went to his death on board the Victoria! They tell us he suffered from a peculiar mental disorder which might be called a monstrous malapropism. For instance, he might mean exactly the opposite of what he said, unintentionally uttering the wrong words, a "Simon says thumbs up" sort of speech, confusing enough for a game of forfeits but awfully dangerous for the commanding officer. Could it be possible he said one thing and meant another when he sent England's hardy blue-jackets to their deep grave?

I do hate corners! There one sets one's umbrella and hangs over it one's gossamer, and on the next cloudy day chases all over the house for that umbrella while it hides in its corner. Dust and spider-webs and mouse-holes are nearly always in corners. People are sometimes full of corners; it takes all the cushions you can spare to get along with them without bumping and rasping—and they are dark, these corners! Some of us have them in our lives, away back or near at hand, where we come across them unawares, and on turning jostle the grief, the chagrin, the shame, that lurks ever round the corner. The dark corners hold many a dead joy, dust-covered, many a web of trouble and anxious thoughts, many a sacred shrine of regretful memories, many a love grown cold. We can sweep around them with the broom of common-sense, but we know they are not emptied of their debris but will remain haunted corners until our house crumbles and buries them when we are buried.

Do you ever think how much we don't know and what a lot of good it does us? I had rather keep what I don't know if I had thereby to lose the little knowledge I possess. If it were not for what we don't know life would be a useless succession of miseries. That grand, mysterious future beyond the grave is the main thing which reconciles me to life. That thing which I don't know makes bearable what I know, explains the episode of earthly existence and renders acceptable what of discipline and misery I see here, if it be a preparation for something which I cannot see there. Sometimes it is such a relief to say "I don't know," but to feel that some day knowledge must come.

"You do dress up things so," said a dear reader to me yesterday. "I just state the plain facts and have done, but you can make a long story out of them." I felt for a moment a little bit abashed and hastened to deny the insinuation of padding. "Oh, it's all right for you," she answered indulgently. "Nobody'd read a column I would write. There's just the difference that there is between those horrible sawdust-stuffed cotton dolls with their pre-Adamite nudity and those dainty ladies in miniature we saw in the case at the World's Fair—same old dolls, only dressed up!" and she laughed in a very exasperating way. But I am feeling better, for the comparison was very soothing. One should dress up bare things! A little drapery goes so far! The tempting little sprigs of parsley and triangles of lemon one puts on a rissole, the morsel of lace falling over this wrist, the graceful scarf on the plain sofa frame, the cunning verbiage twined round the bare fact, all dressing them up and making them presentable to the jaded or exigent reader and consumer, are the sacred duty of him or her to provide who caters to the appetites of mind or body.

A good many of our people are acting up to this idea in the pretty way they are planting and decorating their grass plots and windows

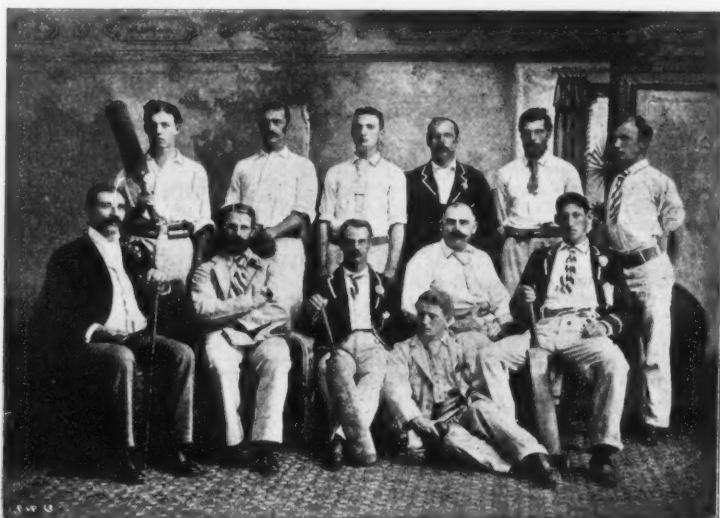
this summer. There are window-boxes worth riding a mile to look at in a corner house on Spadina avenue, and where five years ago an unbroken row of sealed-up shutters and hot brick walls were enough to blind one, you come across little clumps of musk and mignonette, long vagrant trails of nasturtiums and petunias, pert sprigs of white alyssum and graceful ivy banners. The awnings, too, are so cool and summery and have a certain hospitable "come under my plaidie" look about them delightfully different from the tight-closed, dusty, wooden shutters that cry, "Go away, keep out" from every one of their ugly crevices. Trees and window-boxes and a bit of green grass are a joy to the public and only cost the householder "a-dollar-sixty" for water, and a few feet of hose. What they cost the house-keeper, in sallies after boys and shyness at dogs, and general watchfulness from dawn to dark, I won't enumerate. It might discourage the rest of you! **LADY GAY.**

Footsteps of the Night.

I WAS always inclined to trust myself too much in the hands of friends. This night for instance is one of them. I had received a pointer from one of my intimates to the effect that the last west-bound car left at 11:50 p.m., corner of Queen and Yonge streets. I had somewhat reluctantly retired from — club, of which I was led to understand I was fast becoming a popular and promising member. To the many inducements and persuasions to stay I had turned a deaf ear, and had smiled at their reprovals for leaving so early, and now after a short walk I found myself standing at the above named streets and time intimidated to me, delighted with the prospect of a ride on a motor in place of a horse car. It was now 11:52 by one of the neighboring clocks, and after waiting a few moments longer I ventured to accost and enquire of the burly preserver of peace as to the movements of the last car. I elicited with the usual amount of politeness of one doomed to nocturnal duty:

"The last car's gone. I guess you'll have to walk."

An expression pathetic in the extreme flitted across my late self-possessed features, now anything but even, but thanking the burly son of the baton with all the tone of philanthropy



W. E. Dean, C. W. Lyall, A. G. Chambers, H. J. Webster, C. Leigh, C. E. Chambers, A. Dean, Hon. Pres., Rev. F. W. Terry, J. E. Hall, J. H. Eyer, E. J. Fawke, J. T. Clark.

The Parkdale Cricket Club.

See page 8.

which I could muster for information granted further than enquired for, which, before I was converted, would have called forth masculine expressions of wrath. I stood for a moment undecided whether or not to wait for the one-horse midnight and thus make the veracity of the statement of the broad-paled gent questionable, or wearily plod my homeward way, thus complying with his "guess."

Of the two evils I endeavored to choose the lesser. The day had been warm, the night was blessed with a cool, freshening breeze, and again reiterating my thanks and bidding the white-crested, black, misshapen statue of discipline "good night," more to have the last retort than anything else, I braced myself with the spirit of determination and with a few muttered syllables of deep annoyance common to the ordinary race of human beings, I started on my journey of three miles to the suburbs.

Once started I braced up and made a vicious attempt to enjoy it, tried to make myself believe I was being paid for it, going on a message of life or death, and all that kind of preposterous rot, but my previous day's work had been mostly on foot; this made this unexpected additional journey tedious, and no matter what rim I put into my suppositions I could not bring myself to submit to such assumptions. Commencing to warm to my task, I presently heard heavy footsteps ahead and as my gait was not slow they were soon overtaken and the adjacent electric light, intended to enlighten a block, but which by momentary hisses, rests and splurges, endeavored to partially meet the public want, succeeded in at last disclosing the glimmer of buttons, and another son of the beat, this time red haired, appeared in all his ponderosity. His turnings in every doorway betokened his diligence and the utility of a trifle of his pent-up strength in satisfying himself as to the security of doors, locks and bars, and his own keen appetite where previous broad hints had assured him of something more wet and palatable than the mud-diluted aqua of Lake Ontario.

A moment's gaze at John street fire hall clock, to see my record, and I enter on the fuller width of Queen street immediately east of Spadina. I fall to see its advantage to the public or profit to bordering storekeepers. The transfer man had transferred himself to slumber, for he needed it and no doubt realized the extent of his duty in daytime and with him had gone my last chance of bona fide reassur-

ance (I was inclined to disbelieve the preserver of peace). I again entered the narrow, pacing steadily yet dreamily along. Here I encountered the inebriate lamp-post combination, who, as I pass, mutters to himself, or maybe addresses me in a somewhat incoherent mumble and in a somewhat disparaging tone, as if I for a moment doubted the veracity of his statement respecting the complete control which he had of himself, and his perfect sobriety. With an inward regret or an outside snicker and the oath of temperance on my lips, I continue my way, when now I hear a different cry; it is the wall of a babe from above, and a careworn look o'erspreads my now recovered and usually unruined facial outlines, for thoughts of oft disturbed sleep, sticky soothing syrups, emulsions, paregoric, tender bare feet and the ever remorseless tack, flit fancifully through my brain; musing and revolving thus and endeavoring to recall the bachelor's oath, I continue on. Still another incident occurred totally devoid of neither the humorous nor the pathetic, but inclined to the latter. I overtook a man in hasty toilet arrayed, whose voice had been penetrating the open window of an old established drug store, and I would judge their reputation is more than commensurate with this act for the tones of the departing man when he said, "I'll report you for this," evinced disappointment on his behalf and scant courtesy from the occupants of the bedroom above store on theirs. The sound of his clattering, worn-heeled slippers gradually sank in the distance, and I thought the gruff response to his application for some small household necessity knew there was more profit in eyewater than castor oil or some small such like. I have walked still faster since then, and am now nearing my own humble abode, and instinctively, as if sick of such straight walking, I turn north to meander at every side street which will carry me home and shorten the lone tramp.

I have now arrived and after several fruitless efforts to find latch-key and then hole, during absence of the erratic electricity, I at last discover that the door has been left unfastened, for like all club men my habits have become known.

Stumbling over door mat and making inmates believe an earthquake has occurred, I regain my room, where, during preparation for bed, I endeavor to calculate and compare

A Special Inducement



Mrs. Oatcake—Why, Jotham Oatcake! What on airth is the sense o' puttin' up them notices? They hain't been no fish into that crick fur twenty year. Mr. Oatcake—I know that, 'Tildy; but we got to do suthin' to git summer boarders; an' I guess exclusive fishin' privileges 'll fetch 'em.

am myself ingenious in getting out of difficulty, but I never rose to anything like that. I remember a little brush I had with wolves in Northern Wisconsin before the war. The wolves there were of the large timber variety, and it being a hard winter they were constantly hungry.

"But, Jones," interposed Robinson, "somebody mentioned the blue-racer story."

"Not to-night, Robinson; not to-night. I have got to look up certain facts and figures which I noted in my diary at the time before I can trust myself with that. I would not deceive you about that blue-racer for anything in the world. There are always temptations in a blue-racer story which I must guard against. Those wolves, I repeat, seemed always to have a gnawing sensation in the stomach. They were fierce and dangerous, and would readily attack a man even when there were more than two or three of them together. One day in January I was going from Ojibway City to Pomme de Terre River on foot, accompanied only by my dog, which was named Bones, from his fondness for this article of diet. He was a good dog, but he had read somewhere that discretion is the better part of valor. Bones was not a dog that would ever go about the country asking folks in his poor dumb way where he could probably find a light pack of wolves. If a wolf ever succeeded in meeting Bones he had to bring good letters of introduction from mutual friends. When about fifteen miles from Pomme de Terre I noticed that Bones was becoming uneasy. Five minutes later I observed that he was wearing the hair on his back pompadour. I suspected wolves, and I was right. They soon came up, not fifty yards behind. There were at least one hundred of them—large, gaunt, hungry, savage wolves. Their fierce howls reverberated through the startled forest like the diabolical shrieks of frenzied demons in torment. I saw that a hand-to-hand conflict with them was out of the question. Flight was my only hope. Picking up Bones by the nape of the neck I tucked him under my arm and started. For forty minutes, gentlemen, I ran like a cat in a dog show. I suppose I covered ten miles, notwithstanding that the snow was deep in some places and in others the underbrush interfered. The wolves kept close behind. When I turned my head I could feel their hot venomous breath on my cheek. They leaped up and nipped at the tail of poor Bones, which was waving and tossing behind on the terrific wind which my flight engendered like the plume of a knight of old going into battle. Their howl, weird and hideous as the sinking wail of ten thousand lost souls, shook the pine needles from the trees and tore the nerves of the unfortunate Bones in a way which was painful to see. At the end of ten miles I began to tire. A large spruce-tree stood in my path, and I climbed it. Perching myself on a lower limb, some fifty feet from the ground, and tying

Bones in place on another with a bit of string. I looked down on the angry surging sea of wolves below. I felt safe, and lit my pipe and gave my faithful dog a ham-bone which I had in my pocket. But soon, to my surprise, the wolves began most extraordinary tactics. Nothing less, gentlemen, than gnawing down the tree. One hundred sets of ravenous fangs tore and bit at the trunk. I saw that the tree could not stand half an hour. I knocked the ashes out of my pipe and began to look at the situation seriously. I noticed on the branches about me chunks of raw spruce-gum about the size of my fist. Taking my pocket-knife, I pried one off and dropped it to a wolf below. He snapped his jaws together upon it with famished greed. He never opened them again, the resinous mass holding them firm as a vise. At the



end of twenty minutes I had the jaws of every wolf welded together past all hope of opening. I then descended with Bones, who now barked savagely and attacked the wolves with great spirit. With his assistance I drove the baffled, helpless creatures to Pomme de Terre like a flock of sheep. There was at that time \$10 bounty on wolves. We rounded them up in the court-house yard, and I drew \$1,000 from the county treasurer, after which I repaired to the Le Grand Monarque Hotel and ordered supper, not forgetting to bespeak the largest soup-bone in town for my trusty dog. I returned to Ojibway City the next day, but saw no wolves. That is all, gentlemen. Pardon the tameness of my narrative; I doubt not our time might have been better employed.

"Jones," said Jackson Peters, "you refused to tell us the blue-racer story because you had not yet looked up the exact facts, did you not?"

"Yea, Jackson. What of it?"

"Nothing."—Harper's Weekly.

A Midsummer Greeting.



The Short One } Hello (Tom } How long's y' wife
The Tall One } Hello (George } away for!

The Fun of a Cricket Tour.

BY MACK.

If any branch or development of field sports can compare with a cricket tour for fun and good feeling, I do not know what it is. Of course everything depends upon whom you go with and where you go. If you make one of eleven rattling good fellows, and if you meet reasonably good fellows in the clubs you play against, the fun and satisfaction of the tour will be boundless. One or two mean men with small, shop-keeping ideas of cricket, however, will they may bowl or bat, are enough to make a tour a miserable failure. Two such men might make all the runs and bowl down all the wickets, but what would that avail if the other members of the eleven were kept busy apologizing for their boorish ways and sharp practices? Quarrelsome, over-bearing, dishonorable fellows are out of place on the crease. Thank goodness they are as rare as they are repulsive, for the subtle influence of the game reforms a man, yet we all know a few of them. Now here is my pointer: never go on a tour with one of them. No more agreeable crowd of fellows ever took to the road than the eleven Parkdallians who toured through Brampton, Guelph, Berlin, Galt, Paris, Brantford and Hamilton the first eight days of July. The men knew each other well and a powerful club feeling pervaded every breast. No rings for cliques existed, whose frequent caucuses could arouse distrust among the players. If anything could make a tour unpleasant it would be where two or three men were made to feel that they were driven off into the outfield solely from the main part of the eleven. And it generally happens that where two or three are forced to herd alone in this way, the main part of the eleven are also fenced off from a central spot where two or three of the high-muck-a-mucks hob-nob and whisper. In the Parkdall eleven there was none of this, the most cordial feeling existing throughout, and to that feeling is ascribed a large portion of the success attending the tour. It is of course known the world over by this time that the tourists won every game played.

The scores of all the games were published in the daily papers, and the batting and bowling averages of the individual players were given in this paper, so that I will not dwell much upon the play of the tourists, and for reasons which will be made plain I will refer to them not by their own names, but by other and temporary sobriquets which somehow attached to them during the tour. Anyone having a baby to christen could not do better than scan this list: Bunny, Doctor, Cherub, Betsy, Cyclone, Sumps, Mary Jane, Growler, Blossom, Bones, Baby and Lulu. Those men all displayed their peculiarities on the tour with an effectiveness that could not have been attained in several years of Saturday afternoon games at home. Take Bunny, for instance. He has a knack of securing invitations to dinner that should make him quite careless about his future. For him the tour was one continuous feed in private houses. In the various towns we struck coachmen could be found almost every morning waiting at the hotel door for Bunny to awake so that they could drive him somewhere or breakfast. Same at lunch, same at dinner, and he generally wound up the day by having tea in at least two places. Whether it was that he looked hungry, or that, misled by his small stature, the people en route deemed him the easiest man in the eleven to dine, the fact stands that he was invited out more than all the other tourists combined. Those who carried him home expecting him to dine on angel food had probably the harshest awakening of their lives. After sitting opposite him at hotels a couple of times I can say that his eating, both as a gymnastic performance and as an indiscriminate sweep of everything within reach, was the most fascinating and thorough exhibition I have ever seen. The way he embraced food has all the poetry of motion and compactness of result peculiar to a steam hay-press.

The Doctor was of a modest and quiet turn, generally last to arise in the morning and first to retire at night. Perhaps the most experienced man in the eleven, he knew the value of sleep. He also found it necessary to advise the less experienced tourists against the folly of smoking to excess on a tour where one's nerves require to be good. In one respect the Doctor proved himself superb, although in many he is a model for cricketers to follow. He never kicks. Now we all know many fellows who never kick, but the Doctor differs from them in this that he never bores one by explaining how he got out or was given out. Whether he makes a century, as he did at Brantford, or gets given out unfairly by an incompetent umpire, as he did at another place, he walks to the pavilion with the same unruffled calmness. When the average man lunges at a full pitch to leg and it glances across into his hands he generally stamps his foot, yanks his cap down over one eye, and throws his hat ahead of him toward the pavilion. Then, as he pulls off his pads, breaking the straps, he tells someone to bring him a pall of shandygaff, and adds: "That bat is no better than a hemlock board. If I had a decent bat I'd have made a thousand off that bowling. It's dead easy. Confound my luck, anyhow; something always happens when I get nicely set!" Then he hears himself talking, is conscious that it is hardly good form, and subsides. But the Doctor has such control of himself that he walks in seraphic, meditatively rolls a cigarette, and leaves others to monopolize the eye and ear of the grand stand. And all the cricketers unconsciously say to themselves, "By Jove, there's a gentleman."

Brampton has an India rubber cricket club. It is a club that stretches or contracts according to requirements. If eleven novices go up there to play, the Brampton eleven will put up only a novice score of thirty, but if a crack eleven goes there the same men will play a crack game and put up a hundred or more. It is a peculiar fact for which there is no accounting. The Loose nores have left Brampton, to the loss of the club, but still Paxton, Thaburn, Gaham, Stevens, Atkinson, Re and others are left, and with practice will do very well indeed.

Guelph did not have its full strength on, or the defeat would not have been quite so disastrous. I will now refer to a very delicate subject, hoping that cricketers everywhere

will think it over and find some force in my remarks. The Parkdale Club are not responsible for what I am going to say, for, barring myself, none of the tourists will be aware of what I am saying until they see it in print. The tour opened at Brampton on Saturday, July 1st, and Guelph was to be played on Monday, the 3rd. It was decided, as Guelph was quite a place, being represented by a big black spot on the map of Ontario, to push on there Saturday night and remain Sunday and Monday. The tourists put up at an hotel which I will not freely advertise, owing to the snappy disposition of the man in charge, although tempted to do so for the sake of the obliging clerk. We remained in town from seven o'clock Saturday night until the same hour Monday evening, and during that time one member of the Guelph club called upon us at our headquarters. Mr. G. S. McConkey, who was not playing against us, invited Bunny and the Doctor up to his residence for dinner, as did Judge Saunders, but the cricket club seemed unaware of the tourists, existence even. Lunch was provided on the grounds, and the tourists were required to pay for their lunch. The lunch was worth the money. No one objected to that lunch as an investment. But I wish to point out that cricket will wane and lose its position as a social game if the little hospitalities are neglected. Here was a club out for an eight days' tour, each man paying his own expenses, no wish for reimbursements, direct or indirect, but anxious for a good time, and anxious also to build up the game out in the province where it rather languishes. The price paid for the lunch was nothing to the tourists; it was nothing to the Guelph club. But at the outset of the tour the lack of hospitality was dispiriting. The cold, business-like detail of collecting the price of the lunch caused one to think involuntarily of the long and lonesome Sunday that had dragged itself tediously past, while we sat and sat waiting for "night or Blucher," and Blucher never came. Those of us who were church-goers had to grope about, getting into a Methodist church when seeking an Anglican, or finding that the hotel porter's directions as to reaching a Presbyterian church were misleading. The whole cheerless, heavy experience, for which we had partly forgiven the cricketers on finding them to be right good fellows, rushed back upon us as we paid for our lunches. At Hamilton we were also taxed for luncheon. It is the practice of the Toronto and Rosedale clubs to do the same thing, but it is the consensus of opinion among cricketers that it is a bad practice. The question of cost does not come up in this lunch matter at all. If Rosedale furnishes a lunch for Toronto, and vice versa, or if the visiting clubs in both matches pay their share, it amounts to the same thing exactly as far as cost goes. But in one case there will be cordiality and hospitality shown, in the other none. In one case the home club will do the honors, in the other the honors will be left undone. A subtle something will be lost—the same something that makes a dinner at a private table a more satisfactory thing socially than one at an hotel, though the cuisine may be the same at each place.

At Berlin, Galt, Paris and Brantford the tourists were entertained most hospitably, and though the home clubs may forget, the visitors will long remember the fine feeling engendered and the good time enjoyed. In these towns the cricket clubs did not confine themselves to the strict letter of the contract. They did not act on the principle that in being a party to our tour their sole business was to come out in their flannels and punch our bowling all over the lot for three or four hours. They did more. They brought out the beauty of their towns to flit genteelly with us from the pavilions and the carriages; they showed us the reservoirs and big smokestacks; showed us a thing or two about English billiards; carried us to their clubs; in fact, recognized that we were strangers and made us comfortable. And as a result not a man on the eleven but has vowed to go on a tour next year, if alive and well. At Paris the local club not only furnished a neat lunch on the grounds, but banqueted us at the Arlington in the evening. With speech, toast and song the evening flew away. The Paris club has in its membership a trained sextette who sang splendidly at intervals. Our own Mary Jane sang in a way that made us all quite proud of him. At Brantford, Rev. Robert Ashton is the patron of cricket. He has charge of the New England Lands, where the game was played. He umpired the game and had a lunch provided up in the dining-hall of the Indian Institute, where all hands repaired at one o'clock. It is not unfair to the other towns to say that that was the lunch of the tour. In the years to come the remembrance of that lunch will succor me when hungry, and whatever the vicissitudes of this life it will afford a theme for pleasant dreams. The immense roasts of beef, boiled hams, the salads and jellies, the garnishings of every sort prepared with such delicacy and judgment, made one almost wish he were an orphan Indian to live in the Institute right along. I suppose, though, they have some way of detecting impostors. When the match was over the cricketers gave the reverend gentleman three rousing cheers in a way that showed they meant it to a man. An amusing thing occurred during the Brantford match. The Doctor opened his shoulders at several balls and lifted them over the fence on to the road, and one went further, into the canal. Young Ashton, who was fielding in long off, went after those hits, but evinced some disquietude on chasing the last one. It was floating beyond his reach. He called to send him a young Indian, and there being about fifty at the tent one was immediately despatched as a relief column. When Stanley reached the banks of the Nyauza he refused to wade in after the ball, and Ashton, muttering contempt for the fastidious distaste for wetting his socks that marks the modern Mohawk, disappeared down the bank. In about a minute he came up on the road in all his naked loveliness, flung the ball in to the wicket-keeper and dodged down behind the underbrush to resume his clothes. It was a somewhat novel experience in out-field work. As the Doctor was pounding hard and seemed to regard the canal as a safe spot to aim at, it was decided to keep the young Indian on the road to prevent the ball from bouncing into the water. He was told to stand there. Three

hours afterwards he was still standing there, straight behind the wickets, feet wide apart, hands on his knees watching the game with an alertness not equaled by the busiest man on the field—ready to do or die, as though the game depended on him and he might get a hot liner any minute. Half an hour after the game had been finished his position was still unchanged, save that he had pushed his hat a little further back on his head and was eying the deserted wicket more keenly than ever, as though this new phase of the game was too blamed exciting for anything. He was called in and informed that the danger of losing the ball in the canal had passed its acute stage several hours previously when the Doctor had got out.

Naturally enough the boys attempted to get a rise out of each other at every opportunity. When they arrived at the Imperial Hotel, Galt, as was the custom Cyclone registered for all hands, and the boys scattered about the house and grounds to give the clerk time to allot each one a room. Blossom found the clerk puzzling over this task and pointing at his own name, said, "Say, I suppose you are crowded, but give him the best room you have. He's an awfully fine old fellow and we're trying to use him right wherever we go." "All right," said the clerk, "I'll give him the parlor bedroom on the ground floor." "That will answer first rate," said Blossom, walking away. Then he went upstairs with the other tourists as they rambled around looking for 28 and 19 and other nooks and corners near the sky, when, all having found their roosting-places, he invited them downstairs to view his upholstered apartments. They crowded in with loud cries of amazement and noisy objection, and were informed how the racket had been worked. So many tried the same game at Paris next night that the clerk twigged and it fell flat.

At Paris some of the boys decided to go fishing. The barber had told them that the presence of several fish in the river was suspected. So a club meeting was called and a committee appointed to set out and rescue these fish from a watery grave and elevate them to a sphere of usefulness on the hotel table. Cherub, Mary Jane, Growler, Blossom and the Baby composed the committee, but at the last minute the two first named backed out. Armed with long poles the other three sallied forth. From a small boy they learned that you needed minnows to catch pike and you needed earthworms to catch minnows. About an hour later the three fishermen burst over the brow of the hill and swept down upon their astonished comrades, having caught one large pike and two pickeral. The town could not hold them. The landlord said that he had known good fishermen to fish all day and not do so well, and he carried away the fish to have them fried to a turn for dinner. In the afternoon when all hands were seated in the pavilion a small, barefooted urchin confronted one of the fishermen and blurted out: "Say, was it you my pa, s sold the fish to this m-morning?" Thus do one's sins find him out. The man who sold the fish promised he would not come near the cricket match, and of course none of the three fishermen thought of asking if he was father of a small boy.

Everybody knows that Pedro is an easy game to pick up, but it was never better illustrated than in the case of Betsy, who inside of half an hour felt so perfectly at home that he bid seventeen on his hand. His partner, Cherub, who had just taught him the game, leaned over, touched the bell gracefully, and with tears in his eyes said in a voice choked with emotion, "My dear, dear scholar, you are a credit to your master. I am so over-powered that I must retire from the game. Seventeen, you said. This is a proud moment in my life—as your tutor, and more especially as your partner, I am overcome. Forgive these weeps." Besides being amazingly quick at picking up new games and infusing into them an enterprise and a daring never before heard of, Betsy was very successful in the gentle art and science of leaning over a carriage wheel and exchanging bon mots with the fair sex. His delicious west-end drawl was said to be the secret of his success, and Blossom decided to see if he could not break his own record of failure by simulating that drawl. Before leaving Paris for Brantford a half hour was spent at the depot, and a bevy of young ladies were also killing time there. To break through the chilly reserve which marked their bearing was the urgent ambition of most of the tourists. Cherub subjected them to the meamermism of his glorious eyes in vain. Bunny with the easy grace of a court gallant begged the favor of a rosebud from the fairest maid of all, but failed. Growler turned on his thousand-candle power smile, tossed his ringlets loose and waited, but nothing came his way. Cyclone had read how a lover had won the heart of the heroine by falling dead, so where Geraldine could nurse him back to life, but the whistle of the locomotive being distinctly heard away down the track he was limited for time. A man can't have a real tedious illness and be nursed back to life when the train is only two miles away, so Cyclone did the next best thing; he limped on one foot, emitting at each step the most appalling of stifled groans. A stifled groan is very effective when properly deployed, but although strong men subdued their emotions with difficulty, those girls were not moved in the least. Now it was that Blossom decided to try Betsy's west-end drawl, so he approached the maidens and spoke:

"Beg pardon, ladies, but might I beg of you to explain the points of interest to an English tourist? Aw—that now—aw—can it be, no—yes—baw Jove, it is—tell me I am right, that is a puddle of watah down there."

No answer. The supercilious, sneery expression on the young ladies' faces told Blossom that the west-end drawl was no good. He must try again.

"I have been appointed a committee by the Parkdale club, ladies, to thank you as representing the ladies of Paris for attending the match yesterday and evincing such a kindly interest in a band of wayfaring pilgrims, though lost to home, to memory dear. Don't mind interrupting me if any of you feel like saying anything. Not yet, eh? Very well; lots of time. I am instructed to say that the whole scene of yesterday is indelibly embossed on the retentive valium of our minds—

away to the right the meandering streamlet washing the feet of the shelving hills and drying them in the long grass; to the north the titillating cadence of the bell upon the home-returning cow, its day's adventures done, the sumach trees adorned in the fleecy wool they love to wear; while to our left, the pavilion, filled to overflowing with the fairest of the fair, yet naturally enough stretching out its arms for more, while above and beyond the dying god of day sinks slowly into the west as though reluctant to set while

Continued on Page Nine.

"For Years,"

Says LARRIE E. STOCKWELL, of Chesterfield, N. H., "I was afflicted with an extremely severe pain in the lower part of the chest. The feeling was as if a ton weight was laid on a spot the size of my hand. During the attacks, the perspiration would stand in drops on my face, and it was agony for me to make a sufficient effort even to whisper. They came suddenly, at any hour of the day or night, lasting from thirty minutes to half a day, leaving as suddenly; but, for several days after, I was quite prostrated and sore. Sometimes the attacks were almost daily, then less frequent. After about four years of this suffering, I was taken down with bilious typhoid fever, and when I began to recover, I had the worst attack of my old trouble I ever experienced. At the first of the fever, my mother gave me Ayer's Pills, my doctor recommending them as being better than anything he could prepare. I continued taking these Pills, and so great was the benefit derived that during nearly thirty years I have had but one attack of my former trouble, which yielded readily to the same remedy."



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The Fun of a Cricket Tour.

Continued from Page Nine.

yet his great red eye could feast upon those charms that made the day so dear to him and me; while to the south—interrupt me! Go on, I won't mind, really I won't: any one of you, all together. If you don't at least give a chirp of approval, I won't finish the address. No answer! Adios, cruel ones," and Blossom fell into the train. For the balance of the trip he was called the English Tourist, but was disconsolate to think that even impertinence failed to win a smile. In the remaining two games he could not bowl, remorse and muscular rheumatism sapping his young life.

At Paris we had our pictures "took." The first plate was quite spoiled by Stumps, and it came about in a very peculiar way. On the tour whenever it came his turn to sing a song or tell a story he always did the latter and he only had one story. It was a story of his school days, about a boy whose under lip protruded an inch from his face; from repeatedly telling this anecdote Stumps' under lip got into the habit of it and required the most constant watching. As we all posed gracefully before the camera, that lip, noting the lull in the conversation, supposed it was again time to tell that story and at once moved forward like a veranda, quite obscuring several of the players. Stumps, deep in reverie, did not notice what was the matter until the spoiled plate revealed it. The second attempt was a success. Stumps also figured in a lively scene in a barber shop. He asked for a hair cut, "short behind, please." The barber evidently had his own idea of what was the proper caper in hair cuts, and before his customer could interpose a word the clippers had cut a bald streak through his long hair, from the nape of his neck to his forehead. Stumps said one eyebrow would have fallen at the same moment if he had not seized the barber around the waist and, after a desperate struggle, plinned him to the floor. In this restful position the two men carried on negotiations; the hair cut was finished, Stumps coming out bald as a convict.

Bones, the curled darling of the eleven, not only came second to the Doctor in the number of runs scored during the trip, but in affairs of the heart he was an easy winner. He left the feminine portion of the entire town weeping in his wake. To be sure when he would return from his parades the others would ask him, "Where does she work?" thereby seeking to cast reflections upon the social status of his conquests, but that did not rattle our Adonis.

Many matters could be mentioned that deserve to be made immortal, but these must be left to another historian. How the honorary president and honorary vice-president joined us at Galt with cigars and cigarettes for everybody, how Bunny and Cyclone walked in from Waterloo to Berlin at sunrise, how Mary Jane was voted the most popular man on the tour, these and many more things must be passed over. In conclusion, it was a great outing, and all cricket clubs should tour.

A Fire-eating Colonel.

In Albitumen, N.M., there lived several years ago an old gentleman named Clay Benton Girardeaux, who hailed from Missouri. As is well known, it was considered ungentlemanly in the early days in Arizona, New Mexico and Texas to ask a man his real name. We accepted the names that were given.

Albitumen was a town before the railroad got there and before the United States acquired the territory. What I am about to relate happened in the new town, the one built around the railroad station.

I was on my way from San Francisco to Washington in the early eighties, and owing to a snow blockade in the mountains to the east of Albitumen, I was detained in that town for several days.

On the morning of my arrival I met a man whom I knew, and was introduced by him to nearly every notable being in the place who was at all introductions.

Among others I was introduced to Colonel Clay Benton Girardeaux, a lawyer of the place. "Old Clay," he was called behind his back, "Kernel" or "Kernel Clay," or "Kernel Gerardo" to his face.

He was a lawyer and got his living by either or both, but was more given to talking in bar rooms than to talking for his clients in courts.

Unlike most men who went west in those days, Colonel Girardeaux carried no pistol—said that he did not believe in carrying one; that he had made money to fight a highway man for, and, as to fighting others, there was always the code duello for that.

If you have ever been to Albitumen you doubtless remember the "Star of the West" saloon, near the station, where one can get drink, food or a game at any hour of the day or night.

"Everything is open," said the colonel to us, in describing the place; "everything is done in view of all, and no one thinks the less of a man for taking a cocktail before breakfast, nor does one lose caste by playing at faro or any game of chance. Money is earned to be spent in a jolly, generous fashion, and the way a gentleman wants to spend his money is the way a gentleman ought to spend it."

I was born, gentlemen, in St. Louis, fifty-eight years ago. It was a town then, now it's the Philadelphia, gentlemen, for a man of spirit to live in. When St. Louis began to put on a silk hat on Sunday, I left the place, the home of my birth, and went to Kansas. Then Kansas began to improve, as the preachers say, and I quit. I've been coming west since then, and now I've been in Albitumen two years, and it's what this saloon is, gentlemen. It's the "Star of the West." It has only one blot. They don't believe in the code duello. They believe in the shoot-on-sight principle. It's wrong, gentlemen—wrong. The due permits of a gentleman making his will, or declining an invitation to dinner, or paying his bar bill. Gentlemen, will you join me in a drink?

"I see some of you noticed that I called for gin. I don't know much about the efficacy of prayer, but I'm well up on alcoholics."

"Gin in the morning before breakfast," continued the colonel, "I know to be the best. Not from books, nor from hearsay, but from experience. Then, between breakfast and lunch, whiskey; that is the correct thing; then never drink till a half hour after lunch—after half an hour, one is safe. Then whiskey till a half hour before dinner, then gin again. When I have a case in court, I suffer for my client, and I alternate whiskey and gin. I can always have a jury on gin."

"Gin for the imagination, but whiskey for the memory. After dinner, brandy; brandy is essentially a night drink. Whiskey and gin. Memory and imagination. Brandy for consultations. Whiskey for a judge, gin for a jury. That is my discovery. Great thing in equity cases. Some of my friends can tell when I'm arguing in court whether it's whiskey or gin."

And the colonel thumped the bar with his fist and said, "Yes," when I asked him to join us.

"But," continued the colonel, after we had taken our drinks, "brandy for consultations. That is the secret of my wonderful success with my corporation clients—banking, manu-

facturing, or industrial. I always consult on brandy. I tell them to come after a drink, when the noise of the day is over, and bring a bottle of brandy. I have had as many as four bottles brought of a night by estimable bankers, shoemakers and hog-ralers. One of my clients once lost a case by bringing a bottle of whiskey. My mind was so occupied that I drank without due attention. He lost his case—all his own fault."

"Yes, doctor," the colonel went on, addressing his conversation now to Dr. X—, "in your profession of medicine and surgery you will find my experience to be excellent. Consult on brandy, testify on whiskey, but defend yourself on gin, sir—defend yourself on gin. Another drink? All right—then I must say good day."

After luncheon I met the colonel again. Somehow I spoke about the code duello.

"By the way," said the colonel, "I have an affair on hand to-morrow."

"What?" said I, greatly astonished.

"Yes," he answered, "some fellows insulted me last night and this morning I shall engage to all three, and we fight to-morrow at daybreak. Dr. X— will be our surgeon. Won't you attend as a witness or as an assistant?"

"As an outsider," I replied, still greatly surprised, "but not as an assistant or a witness."

"I am due in Washington on the 12th."

"The habit of this country," continued the colonel, "is the barbarous one of shooting on sight or telling your adversary to go heel himself, and then begin shooting when you see each other. I tell everyone that I believe in the code duello, and in that only, for revenging wrongs and insults. I must now go to my office to arrange some papers. If I do not see you again before then, be at the railroad station, where your Pullman is, a little before daybreak, where my second and I will pick you up and take you to the ground. But wait, let us have another drink before we part."

I must tell here what I did not know till subsequently. For some time the colonel had been a source of much laughter to the frequenters of the saloons on account of his innocent peculiarities, and especially on account of his strong aversion to shooting on sight, and equally strong predilections in favor of dueling.

Five of the railroad hands were in the Star of the West the night before I arrived, laughing about Old Clay, when one proposed that they get up a duel with him. One could appear to take his side and could then act as his second; another could be a little apart and be a witness, and could be called upon as their second; and three could insult the colonel. If the colonel took the insult, and did not funk, as they thought he would, then the seconds could fix up the pistols, extracting the bullets and replacing them with painted paper wads.

The wench much surprised when the colonel not only took up the insults, but challenged all three to fight him simultaneously. The meeting was arranged for, and the seconds went away to prepare the cartridges, and, as we have seen, the colonel gave up the afternoon to arranging his papers and writing letters.

Dr. X— of the town, Girardeaux, and I were the only ones not in on this miserable practical joke.

Next morning, about daybreak, they picked me up and took me to the ground, about a mile from the station. The seconds had brought the four pistols under their overcoats. It was quite chilly.

When we reached the place, they put down the pistols and began measuring off the distance—thirty-five paces, I think they made it, long ones, too. While they were occupied, the colonel went up to where the pistols were and began examining them, not closely—he seemed more to be fondling them. What struck me as strange at the time, was that his adversaries and the seconds watched him closely.

Suddenly the colonel stood up, and in a loud and stately voice said, looking towards his opponents:

"Gentlemen, it seems to me markedly unfair toward two of you that you stand fronting me in a row, as my second tells me has been arranged. Now, when I shoot, I of course must choose one of you, and, as I may get killed on the first shot it is manifestly unfair that two of you should not have the chance of being killed by me. The one I shoot at will be killed certainly. I am a New Yorker, gentlemen, allow me to suggest to Mr. Gillan, who is both taller and broader than either Mr. O'Farrell or Mr. Schrader, that he stand in the rear; that Mr. O'Farrell, who is next in size, stand in front of Mr. Gillan, and that Mr. Schrader, who is diminutive, stand in front of both, and all stand close up. In that way you can all shoot one over the other, and each one may thus have a chance of getting shot, in case my cartridge is heavily loaded with powder."

They all acceded immediately.

There was a pause. The colonel was looking away, thinking. Of a sudden he turned around, and, lifting his hat, said, "With your permission, gentlemen," then took up a pistol, cocked it, and, aiming quickly at an oyster-can about fifty yards off, fired. The can was not hit. I heard him mutter, "This is a howler."

He cocked the revolver again—again fired. "What, not even dust?" I heard him say.

Again he cocked the revolver, then aimed, and fired. Nothing.

"Gentlemen," he said, turning round, "there is something wrong here, but, fortunately, I have some forty-four cartridges in my coat—enough to load all four guns, and he walked toward his overcoat.

The two seconds and the three principals looked at each other. When they saw the colonel pull out a box of cartridges, they turned round simultaneously and ran—up the track, toward the bend, the curve in the track.

The colonel had his back toward the runners, and was so occupied throwing out the empty shells that he did not hear them going, the doctor and I alone remaining. Suddenly he yelled:

"Blank cartridges! Fraud, by—!" and turning around, he saw them disappearing. He grabbed a few cartridges out of the box and started after them, loading as he went. When we saw him stop—again—then fire again. We saw his second give a lunge, then we heard his yell, then we saw him run faster than before. The colonel sent another shot after them, but they were too far. Then he returned to us.

We examined all the pistols. All were loaded with powder and paper wads.

"Girardeaux was white with anger."

"This insult I shall never forgive."

He grabbed his box of cartridges and started after them, loading his pistol as he went. We followed. When we reached the crest of the hill they saw us and started on again. When they saw us still coming they continued up the track on a run, one limping badly.

We saw them flag the freight, and as it slowed up they swung on.

I left next morning for Washington, having requested Dr. X— to write me the particulars of the outcome.

My Dear Sir: About three days after you left, overtures were made to Girardeaux to allow the men to return. They thought that his anger by that time would have cooled. But it had not.

Mrs. Gillan finally was obliged to call on the colonel, as her money was all gone, and her husband not being at work, tradesmen refused to trust her. She won her case.

She then began pleading for O'Farrell.

"Madam," said the colonel, "do you need two husbands?"

"Of course not," she answered, turning fiery red.

"I thought not," said he, as he politely opened the door to let her pass out. "Madam, your husband, for your sake, can return with perfect safety so far as I am concerned, but the others return at the risk of their lives, or of mine. Good day."

I am glad to say that one practical joke has turned out against the jokers.

As I was coming here to write this letter I met Girardeaux in the Star of the West.

"Colonel," I said, "from your experience of the last few days what is your advice?"

"To be personally or to the world?"

"Then tell the world this: 'Do not monkey with Missouri.' Let's have a drink; I have to defend a thief with an orphan mother and I'll take gin."

With kindest regards from the colonel and myself, yours sincerely, X. M. D.

—San Francisco Argonaut.

Handsome Features.

Sometimes unsightly blotches, pimples or a chunk of ice bound on the forehead, destroy the attractiveness of handsome features. In all cases Scott's Emulsion will build up the system and impart freshness and beauty.

What's the matter, uncle? I see you have a chunk of ice bound on your brow.

I am pondering. Old Biddy Kadarkut is living exclusively on eggs which she lays herself. Can such a condition of affairs continue indefinitely? If so, is it not the solution of a great economic problem?

The Earth is Shrinking.

Sir Edwin Arnold in one of his recent letters says: "The world we live in is becoming sadly monotonous as it shrinks year by year to smaller and smaller dimensions under the rapid movement provided by limited passenger trains and swift ocean steamships."

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Toronto people can leave Union Station at 7.50 a.m. and connect with this train at Buffalo, reaching New York the same evening at 10.30. Apply by mail to Edison J. Weeks, general agent New York Central, Buffalo, N. Y., for copy of one of the Four Track Series.

An Exception.

She—For my part, I like to strive for a thing and win it, and not have it drop in my lap. Don't you agree with me, Mr. Dobson?

He—Ye-es—unless it is the girl that I am courting.

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"No. What is it?"

"Chicago."

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HEAD

ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

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is the bane of so many lives that here's where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

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LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Dixon, Miss Harvey, Miss and Mr. J. D. Miss Tena of Little Rock former school teacher Collier street

A very quidale on Monday church, at 7 o'clock Mr. John Parkdale, daughter of T. old friend of Brasier, rector at St. relatives of Misses and Mrs. Denny and Mrs. Robinson and Mr. Edgar Thorne Griffin Perseus Dawson, Mr. and the Misses ceremony the on the organ happy couple for a world's fair Sound.

On Saturday gave a farewell Westlake, and North-West.

Mrs. A. M. Mrs. and Mrs. Francis R. G. W. Park.

Mrs. S. P. Stanguishene.

Mr. W. P. A. Mr. William summer home

Mrs. Frank Mrs. A. B. H. Foy, Mrs. A. B. H. Ridout registered Niagara, this

Miss Stewart Atkinson, J. A. Berwick on Tuesday Avenue road on Thursday a considerable stir took place at when Miss L. Rev. Thomas married to Cello, Maine.

Another wedding the Church of St. Rutherford, a Mrs. Robert L. Addison Ruthmen. This is a Church Rev. address and on their journey

There was Helen's church the marriage of Peter Ryan, a son of Ex-Ald. John Dean Cassidy Vicar General handsome girl with yellow hair; she also a bridesmaid, with yellow hair and a fawn-colored gown was attended by a relative of Ex-Alderman Ryan, a quiet nature, and Mrs. Ryan, a member of the World's Fair. handsome relative

Postmaster Mr. John Col and is very ill

The Sardinian Canada's next

Mrs. Arthur Arthurs, left Col. and Mrs. Col. on the Adriatic

Messrs. Percival A. Smith and a stamping party

The painful Mr. L. with which was had a sad ending in the death of the conclusion the last it constated spot where the Misses came, plunging and saved from Macdougall, with looking for the

Mr. H. M. the organists in the organ department conservatory

Social and Personal.

Continued from Page Two.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Doran, Miss Cuttall, Mr. and Mrs. James Coulter, Mrs. Martin, Mrs. Dixon, Miss Hallett, Mr. and Mrs. George Harvey, Miss Henwood, Mr. J. W. Shorney and Mr. J. Dudley.

Miss Tena Brodie and Miss Octavia Jennings of Little Rock, Arkansas, are visiting their former schoolmate, Mrs. W. H. West of 16 Collier street.

A very quiet wedding took place at Parkdale on Monday, July 24, at St. Mark's church, at 7 p.m., the contracting parties being Mr. John H. Dennis, second son of Mr. John Dennis, Parkdale, and Miss Elsie, fourth daughter of Mr. R. M. Perse, Triller avenue, Parkdale. The ceremony was performed by an old friend of the bride and groom, Rev. Mr. Brasier, rector of Inisfail, N. W. T., formerly curate at St. Mark's. None but the immediate relatives of the youthful pair were present, including Mr. and Mrs. John Dennis and the Misses Dennis, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Perse, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Perse of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Moon and Miss Norah Moon, Mr. and Mrs. LaVenture, Mr. and Mrs. R. Edgar Thorne, Mr. R. M. Perse, Jr., Mr. R. Griffin Perse, Miss Deacon, Miss McLean, Dr. Dawson, Mr. Stratford Dawson, Miss Spence and the Misses Tenny. Before and after the ceremony the Wedding March was performed on the organ by Mr. Stratford Dawson. The happy couple left immediately after the ceremony for a trip on the lakes and to visit the World's Fair, via Collingwood and Owen Sound.

On Saturday evening last Mrs. Frank Yeigh gave a farewell party for her sister, Miss Beattie Westlake, who left on Monday night for the North-West.

Mrs. A. M. Moore of Newark, N. J., and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Yeigh are visiting their sister, Mrs. R. G. Wilkie, at Kandiotta cottage, Island Park.

Mrs. S. Platt has returned home from Penetanguishene.

Mr. W. P. Atkinson has gone to Muskoka.

Mr. William Mulock and family are at their summer home in Newmarket.

Mrs. Frank Smith, Mrs. Bruce McDonald, Mrs. A. B. Harrison, Mrs. John Foy, Mrs. T. J. Foy, Mrs. G. H. Lapham and Mr. Percival F. Ridout registered at the Queen's Hotel, Niagara, this week.

Miss Stewart of Hamilton is visiting Mrs. Atkinson, Jameson avenue.

Mrs. J. D. Hay left on Thursday week for Berwick-on-the Sea, N. J.

Avenue road was the scene of two weddings on Thursday evening, July 20, which made considerable stir in the locality. One of the events took place at St. Paul's Methodist church, when Miss Levlina Grace, eldest daughter of Rev. Thomas Woolsey of 13 Ketchum avenue, was married to Rev. George Reader of Monticello, Maine.

Another very pretty wedding took place at the Church of the Messiah, when Miss Minnie Rutherford, step-daughter of Pipe-Major and Mrs. Robert Ireland, was united in matrimony with Mr. Collin Macrae of Denver, Col. Mr. Addison Rutherford of New York and Mr. Donald Morrison of Toronto were groomsmen. This being the first wedding at the church Rev. Mr. Gillespie made a suitable address and wished the happy couple God-speed on their journey of life.

There was a fashionable assemblage in St. Helen's church on Wednesday morning to witness the marriage of Mr. John Ryan, son of Mr. Peter Ryan, to Miss Annie Woods, daughter of ex-Ald. John Woods of Dundas street. Rev. Dean Cassidy conducted the ceremony, assisted by Vicar-General McCann. The bride wore a handsome gown of albatross cloth trimmed with yellow silk and cream yellow passementerie; she also wore a large white hat trimmed with yellow roses, and carried a bouquet. The bridesmaid, Miss Gretta Woods, was attired in a lawn-colored costume. The bride's going-away gown was of navy blue serge. The bridegroom was attended by his brother, Mr. Bernard Ryan. A reception was held at the residence of ex-Alderman Woods, but the event was of a quiet nature, the chief guests being the members of the contracting parties' families. Mr. and Mrs. Ryan left at noon for Buffalo and the World's Fair. On their return they will occupy a handsome residence in South Parkdale.

Postmaster T. C. Patterson is in Winnipeg.

Mr. John Cosgrove has returned to Toronto and is very ill at St. Michael's Hospital.

The Sardinian has been selected to bring out Canada's next Governor-General on Sept. 7.

Mrs. Arthur and her daughters, the Misses Arthur, left for the seaside this week.

Col. and Mrs. Sweeney and Mr. W. T. Sweeney are on the Adriatic en route for England.

Messrs. Percy Stevenson, Laurin Boyd, W. A. Smith and Joseph Hughes are a merry camping party on Georgian Bay.

The painful accident of Tuesday last by which Miss Letty Lamb lost her life while bathing with her twin sister, Mrs. Clarkson, has had a saddening influence upon Island residents and has put a stop to the practice of bathing in the old waterworks basin. On account of the warmth of the water and the seclusion the ladies and children in the vicinity used it constantly, and it was almost the exact spot where the body was found that a short time ago Miss Mason, of No. 7 St. Andrew's avenue, plunged in with all her clothing on and saved from drowning a young girl, Miss Macdougall, who had got into the hole and was sinking for the third time.

Mr. H. M. Dunham, one of the foremost organists in the United States and teacher in the organ department of the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, spent several

days in the city during the past week, the guest of Mr. A. S. Vogt, organist of the Jarvis street Baptist church, previous to his three years' sojourn in Germany. Mr. Vogt was a former pupil of Mr. Dunham's in Boston.

Mrs. F. W. Ritchie of New York, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Ashing of Summerhill avenue, is now the guest of Dr. Helen Reynolds-Ryan of Sudbury.

Dr. and Mrs. Ryerson leave to-day for St. Andrew's, N.B., for the month of August.

East Lawn, Simcoe, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Mathews, presented a very pretty and artistic appearance on Tuesday evening in the event of an informal dance given in honor of their guest, Miss Alice Tait, of the Toronto College of Music. The drawing-rooms looked cool and refreshing, being profusely decorated with palms, ferns and rushes.

Master Clifford Graham, aged eleven, of 60 Alexander street, at Grace church picnic last Tuesday morning showed himself a manly and brave little fellow by rescuing Miss Lillie Stacey from drowning; she fell into the water from the wharf at Long Branch.

Mrs. Charles Brown has returned from her visit to Penn Yan.

A very pleasant progressive conversation party, given by Mrs. C. D. Massey on Tuesday evening of last week at her pretty home on Jarvis street, was attended by many guests. The programme consisted of ten-minute conversations on the weather, World's Fair, Sunday street cars, present styles of dress, the sinking of the Victoria, and the summer holidays.

Hon. J. C. Aikens and two daughters are visiting the World's Fair.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Scott and family, of Sherbourne street, and Miss Elliot will spend the holidays at Georgian Bay. Mrs. Scott, Jr., and her little son, who have been on a short visit to Mr. and Mrs. Scott, have returned home.

Mrs. Ross Robertson is summering at the seaside.

An interesting project, in which our society people will take much interest, is the proposed fancy fair and military tournament to be held late in the fall by the Q. O. R. volunteer regiment. The plans are on a grand scale and embrace some very delightful and interesting features. Committees are being formed, and a large number of ex-members have promised their hearty co-operation.

Principal and the Misses MacMurchy are summering in Bathurst, N. B.

Mr. and Mrs. David Walker and Master Ernest Wright have been for some time at the World's Fair.

Dr. and Mrs. Le Ferte of Belleville, who have been for some days in Toronto, have gone west to Detroit.

Mrs. Sutherland Stayner and family are at Georgian Bay.

Rev. T. C. Street Macklem, Mrs. Macklem and a party of friends are holidaying on Mr. Macklem's island in the Georgian Bay. Rev. Bertram Hooper is doing duty at St. Simon's during the absence of the rector.

Mr. and Mrs. Fleming of Pembroke street and family will spend some time at Georgian Bay, the guests of Rev. T. C. Street Macklem.

The little bird says: That it is about time something was done to guard against loss of life in the Island bathing ponds. That every cyclist should be compelled to carry a bell on his wheel. That Miss Gertrude Thompson's pug is the cutest dog in town. That the view from Rosedale Point down the Don valley, these moonlight nights, is well worth taking a look at. That the trolley ride to Victoria Park is a nice evening's outing. That the conductors are spotting the transfer boats. That "Transfer Charlie" has a good many imitators.

Last Saturday's hop at the Queen's Royal Hotel, Niagara-on-the-Lake, was the most largely attended and pleasant given thus far this season. About three hundred and fifty guests enjoyed the music of Kuhn's orchestra in the ball-room or the evening breezes on the verandas. Among the Toronto people present were: Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Pison, Hon. John and Mrs. Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Bosworth, the Misses Kingsmill, Miss Daisy Boulton, the Misses Howard, Mr. and Mrs. E. Taylor English, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Totten, Mr. and Mrs. George Harman, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Dr. R. C. and Mrs. Pyne, Miss Way, Miss Strange, Mrs. Lapham, Mr. and the Misses Gibb, Messrs. D. R. Wilkie, Sydney Small, Gordon Jones, J. Russell, L. H. Tilley, R. B. Adams, Messrs. Boyd, Robert Baldwin, David Harman, C. T. Mead and Capt. Ferguson.

A. F. Webster, general steamship agent, corner of King and Yonge streets, has booked the following European passengers: C. E. Corbold, W. A. Dwyer, John Winchester, William Biddell, Miss Stuart, Sister Meta, M. Corridan, Samuel Haddrell, James N. Davey, Edward Gately, Miss Melville, William Hornshaw, Mrs. Hornshaw, Rev. Thos. Manning, Mr. Manning, G. Hollis McLaughlin, Mrs. E. Davis, Miss Davis, Miss Alice Davis, Miss Maggie Davis, Chas. Gray, Mrs. Gray, Master Percy Gray, Mrs. E. Huntley, William Oldbury, John Davidson, and Mr. F. Gale.

Mr. Charles Thompson and his sister, Miss Gertrude Thompson, of 173 College street, left last Saturday for the World's Fair.

Mr. Harry Goulding returned from Europe by the Parisian.

Mr. David Smith, 311 Jarvis street, accompanied his sister Miss Jenny to Germany.

Mr. and Mrs. Ford and Miss Rutherford are staying at Oakville.

McLean, of Pennycross (Brolas), hereditary chieftain of the Clan McLean, has been for the last week the guest of Mr. A. McLean Howard of Carlton street. Mr. McLean is a handsome and agreeable gentleman who makes friends wherever he goes.

Mr. R. F. R. Strange of Riverside, California, is visiting friends in Toronto this week.

Miss Wilson, matron of the Brockville hospital, is visiting Mrs. Buckley, Howard street, before proceeding to Brantford and Ingersoll, where she expects to complete her vacation.

The prizes which have been won during the Canadian Lawn Tennis Tournament this week are very chaste and handsome. The gentle-

men's singles prize is a perfectly formed Etruscan vase, the doubles, a pair of elegant repousse silver flasks. The beautiful loving cup, for which the ladies fought so dogmatically, is a handsome three-handled silver vessel, holding half a gallon, and richly ornamented. The championship cup, which must be won three times by one player before it is awarded finally, carries the names of Tanner of Buffalo, champion, 1890; Mansfield of Longwood, 1891; Hoyer of Harvard, 1892. The first three prizes are the workmanship of the J. E. Ellis Silver Company and do them credit.

NEW NOVELS

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80 YONGE STREET
NEAR COR. KING.

The HEAVENLY TWINS

By SARAH GRAND

PARSON JONES

By FLORENCE KARRAYATT

DOCTOR PASCAL

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The HOYDEN

By THE DUCHESS

VESTY OF THE BASINS

By MRS. S. P. MCCL. GREEN

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DOUBLE PARMA
VIOLET
SWEET PEA
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LILAC BLOSSOM
SPECIAL WHITE ROSE

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TORONTO

Our Mighty Money Saving Weeding-Out Sale

Stands like the STATUE OF LIBERTY enlightening the World where to buy Shoes. It is the BEACON LIGHT for those in search of GENUINE BARGAINS. Competitors and ALL admit that McPherson's Shoes stand on top of the heap for Style, Fit, WEAR AND PRICE. Foster & Co.'s World's Famous Oxfords in creased and plain Vamps on Narrow, Square and Needle Toes for this week at \$3.97, exactly \$1.03 less than the same shoe is retailed in the City of Chicago.

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SHOER TO THE NATIONS
186 - YONGE - 186
Mail orders filled. Open Saturday Nights.

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Wherever the "Iron Horse" penetrates the "Hygeia Best Beverages" will keep you company. A postal card will bring them. Packed in dozens. All flavors.

Hygeia Orange Phosphate and Raspberry Phosphate

are delicious fruit flavors. Ice them well.

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HOUSE FOR SALE

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In connection with Messrs. Suckling & Sons' Music Store.
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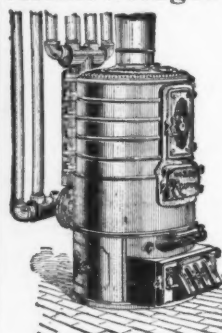
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Intending purchasers of these beautiful gems should not miss the opportunity now being offered at
KENT BROS. CLEARING SALE
Rings, Earrings, Brooches, Bar Pins, Lace Pins, Scarf Pins, Studs, Crescents, Stars, &c., selling at A REDUCTION OF 25 to 50 PER CENT. As we are retiring from business everything must be sold regardless of cost.

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168 Yonge Street, Toronto
N.B.—Store closes at 1 p.m. Saturdays during July and August

OXFORD Hot Water Boilers THOUSANDS IN USE

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High in quality; reasonable in price.
Guaranteed more economical and quicker in circulation than any other make.
Have stood the most severe tests.

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On a Bottle of COFFEE ESSENCE is a guarantee that it is made from the best materials by the most improved processes, is always of one standard quality, and that it is warranted pure.

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Stanway & Bayley
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NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE

A charming spot to avoid the heat of the dog days and enjoy the delights of a pleasant watering place. Thermometer on the hotel lawn has not registered above 72 degrees this season.

SPECIAL HOP EVERY SATURDAY EVENING
Music by Kuhn's Famous Orchestra of Buffalo
Special rate of \$5.00 Saturday to Monday, including return fare on Niagara Navigation Company's splendid steamers. Tickets at Queen's Hotel, Toronto.
Greatly reduced rates for two weeks or longer.
Anglers' Conference Aug. 9. Tennis Tournament begins Aug. 20.
H. WINNETT, Queen's Royal Hotel, Niagara-on-the-Lake.



The flowers that bloom in the spring, are in. Have nothing to do with the case. In the soft summer showers that spoil the fine gowns, Then the ladies give Rigby first place.

RIGBY

POROUS WATERPROOF GARMENTS

FOR Ladies and Gentlemen are Indispensable

To My Patrons and the Public generally:

Having just received a large consignment of light summer goods for the coming warm weather suitable for Tennis and Boating, would ask your inspection, as they are undoubtedly the finest assortment of these goods ever imported to this country. An early call will give you first choice.

Henry A. Taylor

Who... Says so?

Every one who knows anything about it will tell you that at the Institute of Dermatology, 31 Avenue St., Toronto, all the preparations sold are the very best and best. The advice is honest and reliable, the treatments are excellent, and the people who treat you are all thoroughly skillful specialists.

You can be cured permanently of
The worst skin diseases
Eczema and wasting diseases
Superficial and fat
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Face Steaming and Massage when useful. Mrs. Gervaise Graham's new invention, the celebrated Hydro-Vacu, in use, very superior to steaming in many cases. Manicuring, etc.

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THE GERVAISE GRAHAM
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MESSES MOOTE & HIGH, Proprietors
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THE REFUGEES

A TALE OF TWO CONTINENTS.
By A. CONAN DOYLE
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Price in Paper, 75c; in Cloth \$1.00
A thrilling tale of the French rule in Canada; should be in every Canadian library, public or private.

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53 King Street East - Toronto

Drumquin.

On Tuesday, July 18, there was a quiet family gathering at Comely Bank Farm in the township of Trafalgar, Halton county. The object in view was the due celebration of the eightieth birthday of Mrs. Janet Carlyle Hanning, the only surviving relative of Thomas Carlyle. Mrs. Hanning now resides with her eldest daughter and her husband, Mrs. and Mr. John R. Leslie, at the farm named above. The other members of the family in attendance were the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Franklin of Wallaceburg, Ont., Mrs. G. C. Holden of Hamilton, Miss Emma Leslie and Mr. James Carlyle, M.D., of Toronto. Mrs. Franklin and Mrs. Holden are daughters and Dr. Carlyle is a nephew of Mrs. Hanning. Suitable presents and complimentary speeches were made during the day. Refreshments were served on the lawn in front of the house, and everything—the day being a perfect one—conducted to the pleasure and comfort of the party assembled. Mrs. Hanning is enjoying excellent health, and the only regret was that the youngest daughter, Mrs. W. J. Laing of Toronto, was absent on account of ill-health.

Creemore.

A very fashionable wedding took place in this village on Wednesday of last week when T. G. A. Wright, B.A., now of St. Paul, Minn., carried off one of Creemore's most popular young ladies in the person of Miss Annie Forster, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Rural Dean Forster. Long before the hour for the ceremony St. Luke's church was crowded to the doors. The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion by the many friends of the bride. Rev. C. H. P. Owen performed the ceremony, while the bride was attended at the altar by her sister, Miss Emily Forster. Herbert Denton, LL.B., of Toronto, acted as best man. The bride, who looked charming, wore a beautiful wreath of maiden hair ferns. Many and pretty were the wedding presents. After breakfast at the rectory the happy couple took the train for the Western States. The following were among the invited guests: Mrs. Forster of Toronto, Mr. Richard Forster of London, Eng., Mr. Fred Forster, Mrs. E. B. and Miss Sanders of Stayner, Mr. and Mrs. William Wright, Mr. James and Miss Wright of Alliston, Mrs. (Rev.) T. B. Croft of Markham, Mr. Denton of Toronto, Miss Emily Forster, Rev. C. H. P. Owen and Mrs. Owen, and others.

WHAT SHALL I FEED MY BABY?

In hot weather the most wholesome and nourishing diet for infants is indispensable. Here it is that NESTLÉ'S FOOD succeeds while others fail, principally because cows' milk and many other foods, no doubt beneficial at times, fail in hot weather because of their tendency to produce diarrhoea and Cholera Infantum. Consult your Doctor about this important fact.

Sample mailed free on application.
Thos. Leeming & Co., Montreal.



A FASHIONABLE DRESSING CASE

We have been advertising a number of Travelling Bags that are fashionable this season, and congratulate ourselves that by the number sold we have hit the popular taste. To make the bags complete both Ladies and Gentlemen will find it to their advantage to carry one of our Dressing Cases (similar to illustration) with them when making their visit to the WORLD'S FAIR or going to one of the various seaside resorts so much frequented at this season. Cases are fitted to suit either Lady or Gentlemen.

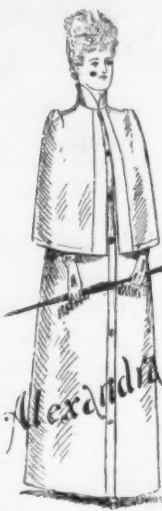
We always have in stock the largest assortment of both home-made and imported Trunks, Bags and Valises to be found in America, and will be glad to show same to any of our friends who will favor us with a call.

Our stock of Travelling Bags has been greatly reduced by recent sales. We have cabled repeat orders, and will receive goods during ensuing week.

H. E. CLARKE & CO.

105 King Street West

The Golden Lion



Mid-Summer Sale

LADY TOURISTS

JUST opened out and specially adapted for tourists, a very ample assortment of new, stylish garments in all the latest designs in

SHOWER-PROOFS

in HEPTONNETTES and CRAVENETTES, all colors, officer and triple capes, RIGBY and MELISSAS in newest tweed patterns, and a perfect line of FREE-FROM-ODOR RUBBER-PROOFS. This is a very superior lot of these desirable goods, and mid-summer sale prices control them. We have them from

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MR. IRVING leaves for England JULY 31 and will give his personal attention to all orders for matchings of Dinner Sets, Tea Sets Toilet Sets, Glassware, &c.

JUNOR & IRVING

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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births

SMITH—July 25, Mrs. R. A. Smith—a son.
GAIRDNER—July 23, Mrs. James Gairdner, jr.—a son.
PHILLIPS—July 24, Mrs. W. B. Phillips—a daughter.
WILLIAMS—July 24, Mrs. James Williams—a son.
McFARLANE—July 18, Mrs. W. McFarlane—a daughter.
WRONG—July 16, Mrs. Jas. W. Wrong—a daughter.

Marriages

RUBIDGE-MEIKLE—On Wednesday, July 5, at Colorado Springs, Col., Alfred J. D. Rubidge to Miss O. A. V. (Grace) Meikle.
HARVEY-PALMER—July 21, Horace Harvey to Louise Palmer.
DENNIS-PERSE—July 24, Henry Dennis to Elsie Perse.
ASHCROFT-KATE—July 22, Richard Ashcroft to Ethel Kate.
PAIK-MUIR—July 18, Edwin James Paik to Sarah A. Muir.
STONGE-SMITH—July 19, Milton Stonge to Marion D. Smith.
THOMAS-PERRY—July 17, William J. Thomas to Lillie May Perry.

Deaths

ELLERBY—July 25, Peter Ellerby, aged 85.
LAMBE—July 25, Eliza Letitia Lambe.
MACALLUM—July 15, Kate L. Macallum.
CULBERT—July 16, William Culbert, aged 60.
LESTER—July 25, Della C. Lester, aged 1.
CRAIG—July 19, Frances A. Craig, aged 83.

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"SUMMER TOURS"

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ALASKA—The St. Islander leaves Vancouver for the Florida in the North-west Pacific on July 27.

Exhibition Days Next Week

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14 and 16 King Street East

WE have had a well-attended season for showing our choice stock of Carpets and Curtainings to visitors, and the pleasant experience associated with the efforts to interest patrons suggests the feature of a special display for each day, to which inspection is invited next week. All day Monday and the following Saturday morning we shall

place on exhibit some of the most approved patterns for carpeting churches. The variety in our stock is without question the largest and choicest in Toronto, and well worth inspecting on that account. All the goods are of our most recent importation, and they represent the very latest productions of the world's best makers and designers, for the fall selections.

MONDAY, Carpets for Churches.
TUESDAY, Carpets for Reception Rooms.
WEDNESDAY, Carpets for Libraries.
THURSDAY, Lace Curtain Exhibit.
FRIDAY, Carpets for Halls and Stairs.
SATURDAY MORNING, Carpets for Churches.

FOSTER & PENDER

Foster & Pender
14 & 16 King St. East
Toronto

FOR ladies' tailoring, dress-making and general domestic use

Silk and Twist is superior to any other thread, being stronger, smoother, more elastic and lustrous. Try it once and you will use no other.

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